# JUNE 1985/\$2 **A SUMMER** BASEBALL SPECTACULAR! **Starring** GEORGE BRETT AND HIS **MAGIC BAT** With **Pete Rose** Fefe Rose Jack Clark Frank Robinson Roger Clemens Chet Lemon Tim McCarver and much, much more!

## Nobody 4x4's like Ford!

Tough Fords are America's bestselling 4x4's.\* And for '85, highoutput engines help make an even more powerful statement!

What makes Ford's best-selling 4x4's king of the off-road? Performance. Full-size or small-size, these tough 4-wheelers are built to handle rugged terrain...with power and toughness.

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Ford gives you the power to rule the off-road. With Ford's full-size F-Series pickup, the standard engine is a powerful 4.9L Six. Or you can

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<u>plus</u> 5-speed manual overdrive, standard!

#### Tough as they come.

Tough 4wheeling
calls for
Ford's
rugged
TwinTractionBeam
front
suspension. The independent wheel action soaks
up bumps and helps pro-

suspension. The independent wheel action soaks up bumps and helps provide sure-footed traction. And now the Mono-Beam front suspension is available for those extra heavy duty jobs.

And no matter which tough Ford 4x4 you choose — the big F-Series or the small-size Ranger—you get Ford's proven 4-wheel drive system with manual or optional automatic lock-

ing hubs. Add in big Ford payload capacity and the strength of double wall box construction and you'll know why nobody. 4x4's like Ford!

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At Ford, Quality is Job 1. A 1984 survey established that Ford makes the best-built American trucks. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in the prior six months on 1981-1983 models designed and built in the U.S.

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Dealer-installed Ranger light bar not for occupant safety.

- \*Based on new truck calendar year registrations thru October, 1984.
- † Optional; not available in California or with manual transmission.



"My Ford Pickup & Me."

"My Ford Ranger & Me."





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Ford Bronco and Bronco II not one but two tough 4-wheelers for '85—both with Eddie Bauer style. They're all dressed up with everywhere to go!

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Bronco (seats 5 or 6) or
trim-size Bronco II (seats
4) in special Eddie
Bauer editions.
Both have a
lot of good
things in
common—
besides Ford
toughness
and Bauer class.

More power to you.

Both have plenty of power on tap. Power that eases you through hard off-road going and makes all driving more fun.

Bronco II's 2.8L V-6 gives you power no other small V-6 4-wheeler can top. It's standard at no

extra cost. Bronco starts with a big high-torque 4.9L Six, standard. Adds a 5.0L V-8 with new electronic fuel injection. Plus a 5.8L High Output V-8 with 4-barrel carb—and 27% more horsepower than Blazer's biggest engine.\*

#### Unique suspensions.

Both Broncos have

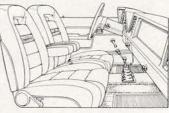
independent front suspension to absorb offroad jolts so you don't have to. And to help keep wheels glued to the ground for solid traction.

Both give you a proven 4-wheel-drive system with a choice of manual or optional automatic locking hubs.

And now both offer you the special looks and luxury of Eddie Bauer editions.

#### The Bauer Broncos.

These unique
4-wheelers have highstyled interior and exterior trim. They include
dual Captain's Chairs,
floor console and much
more. Plus Eddie Bauer
gear bag, travel blanket
and visor organizer. And,
to top it all, "Ford Care"
extended maintenance



and limited warranty program. One beautiful package!

#### Best-Built American Trucks.

At Ford, Quality is Job 1. A 1984 survey established that Ford makes the best-built American trucks. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in the prior six months on 1981-1983 models designed and built in the U.S.

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\*Optional; not available in California or with manual transmission. Horsepower based on SAE Standard J1349.





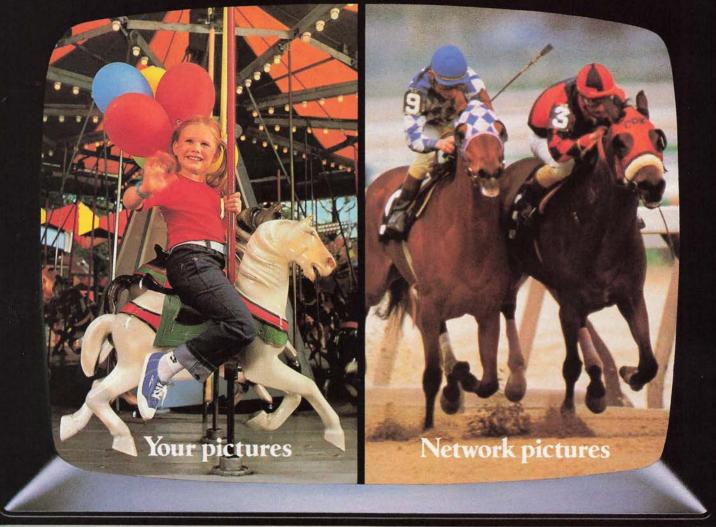
"My Ford Bronco & Me."

"My Bronco II & Me."





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#### SUMMER BASEBALL SPECTACULAR

#### GEORGE BRETT HAS 40

It's been a long time since .390 and greatness. But if you're plotting a comeback, it helps to be the most obsessed hitter in baseball. By Charles Newman



A player will care for his glove, patch it and keep it alive long after it should have been retired. An intimate look at a special relationship. By Havelock Hewes

#### A PITCHER COMES TO FENWAY 57

Roger Clemens is only 22, with a 96-mph fastball—and a world of expectations from the Boston Red Sox. Gulp. By David Whitford

#### A HERO IN HIDING

In the words of a former teammate, Jack Clark is "the best-kept secret in the game." And that's just the way Clark would like to keep it.

By Harry Stein

#### IN SEARCH OF PERFECT ORDER 70

How can a pitching staff be greater than the sum of its parts? No mystery. It's all in the rotation.

By Tim McCarver

#### HOW I LOST 20 GAMES 72

Good stuff. Hard luck. The story of one man's season in hell. By Brian Kingman



57 Ready or not



80 By any other name...



93 Doomsday team



64 Keep a secret?



40 A better batter



89 St. Patrick's Day

#### PETE ROSE, MANAGER

80

Forget about Cobb and the record for a moment. Pete Rose says he's determined to be the winningest manager ever. And he's not kidding. By Bob Drury

#### A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR THE NBA

June 18 is Patrick Ewing's coming-out party. It's also one of the best drafts in years. Presents for everyone.

By Tom Kertes

Sleepers. You'll be hearing a

• **Sleepers.** You'll be hearing a lot more from guys you've never heard of.

#### THE WORST JOB IN SPORTS

93

Imagine a team playing an out-ofseason sport in a city that doesn't want it. But it has to stay where it is, and prosper. Now imagine you're in charge of the L.A. Express of the USFL. By Joe Flower

#### INTERVIEW: FRANK ROBINSON

29

On managing. On aggravation. On lessons learned. On why he is ready for more. By Bob Drury

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#### **FANFARE**

#### Bad news for bears, raging about the Bull & our lucky man.

#### **FREE SWINGERS**

I'm sorry to say I think you're right in picking the Mets to win the National League East ("The 1985 Baseball Preview," April). The Cubs will choke once again. The only difference between the '69 Cubs and the '84 Cubs is that the '84 team won its division; in the end they both were losers. The '85 Cubs will end up a la '70, '71, '72...and I'm a Cubs fan.

Rick Rydberg Crete, Illinois

Well, I guess the National League East championship goes to the Mets. I'm glad you decided that the Cubs at least might be good enough to make a run. Since the Mets got Gary Carter (with all his playoff and World Series experience!), all we can hear are sportswriters falling all over themselves predicting pennant. Dream on. Remember the Mets have to play the Cubs 18 times.

> John Horwath Chicago, Illinois

Greenwich, Connecticut

With Toronto's depth and youthful aggressiveness, Randy Galloway's prediction will come true. The World Series is heading north this fall. Pack your parka. Thomas Becher

Congratulations on being the first magazine to admit that Bert Blyleven is the best pitcher in the American League. Blyleven definitely should have been the Cy Young Award winner in 1984. By the way, I don't think the Indians are a sixthplace club. How about fourth?

> John McMurray Painsville, Ohio

Say it ain't so, SPORT! Philadelphia third? St. Louis last? I'm sure you meant St. Louis third and Philly last. Yes, that's it. A misprint. Herzog will last through the year. Remember, you heard it here first.

> Randy Pfundt St. Louis, Missouri

In your baseball preview you featured a graph showing how teams in the AL East have finished since 1975. You show the Blue Jays winning almost 80 games in

1975 and more than 80 games in 1976. This is a commendable feat, considering the Jays didn't even exist until 1977. You also awarded the Indians a division title in 1975; wait 'til the folks in Cleveland hear about that.

> Kirk Anderson Springfield, Illinois

The error was due to the color coding for 1975 and '76. Boston should be deep yellow, Cleveland black and Milwaukee pale blue. From 1977 on, the original code applies.—Ed.

#### KING KERTES

Your resident hoopologist is (choose any one): a) amazing; b) brilliant; c) celebrating. I read Tom Kertes' "Final Fourcast" (April) on the eve of the NCAA regional semifinals, then reviewed his preseason preview story (December '84) a few hours after completion of the Final Four field. I must applaud his extraordinary 20/20 foresight. The Big East proved its superiority with its three regional final victories over ACC teams. And even though Lexington was overrun by St. John's (#1), Georgetown (#3) and Villanova (#15), bragging rights also went to Memphis State (#7). Excellent work.

> David Mitchell Oakland, California

#### AN INNOCENT MAN

I am the former co-manager of Antonio Ayala, referred to in the article "The Family Business" (March). In a sidebar entitled "Torito: From Contender #1 to Convict #69765," you say: "Although the San Antonio district attorney pushed for an arrest, charges were dropped, leading many to believe that Ayala's managers, Shelly Finkel and Lou Duva, had paid off the neighbor, John Carpentier, to forget the incident. Carpentier, of course, denies he received money from anybody." I was shocked by the above statement. I and those I have spoken to are wholly unaware of any allegations that I paid Mr. Carpentier "to forget the incident." I wish to state unequivocally that the allegation quoted above is wholly false. I did not induce Mr. Carpentier with money or in any other way. I had no contact with Mr. Carpentier whatsoever.

> Shelly Finkel New York, New York

Argue with us, applaud us, advise us. Address your letters to: Fanfare, SPORT, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

#### 

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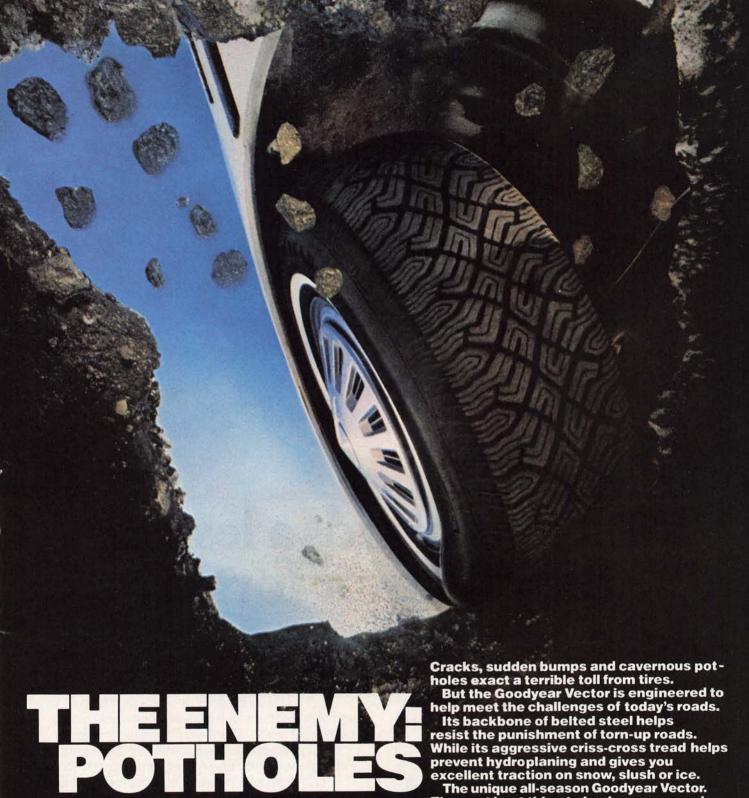
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Canon Personal Typewriters Typemate 10

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#### SPORT TALK

Golden meet, racing feat & a global box seat.

#### Edited by Barry Shapiro

#### THE 1984 OLYMPICS, TAKE TWO

Is America Rettoned out? Or is it still flush with gold-medal glory one year after the Summer Olympics? ESPN will find out when it turns over 16 days (June 29-July 14) and 180 hours-50 of those in prime time-to a repackaged broadcast of the 1984 Summer Games.

ESPN officials emphasize that this will not be a straight rerun. The production, handled by Ohlmeyer Communications (a subsidiary of Nabisco Brands, which owns 20 percent of ESPN), will feature 16 three-hour prime-time specials. One night will be devoted to boxing, one to gymnastics and so on. Olympians such as Greg Louganis, Wendy

Wyland, Mitch Gaylord and, yes, Mary Lou Retton, will introduce and comment on the segments. ESPN will also dub in its own announcers, who will replicate "live" play-by-play.

On the fringe hours, events that received scant coverage by ABC-team handball, water polo, soccer and pistol shooting-will run in their entirety.

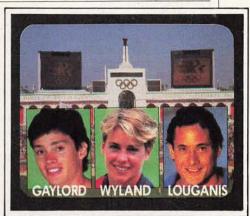
"It's a gamble," says Jack Petrik, executive vice-president of WTBS. "Yesterday's sports never play as well as something you don't know the outcome of. The surprise is the large amount of time devoted

The Madison Avenue crowd is skeptical as well. "Substantial na-

tional advertisers are committed," says Jack Bonanni, ESPN's vice-president of ad sales, "but not everyone is saying, 'Save me some of that."

The bright side for ESPN, say cable industry executives, is that Ueberroth II gives ESPN a major event to air in July, which, concedes Bonanni, "is not our strongest month."

The real winner, though, is Don Ohlmever, the former executive producer of NBC Sports. His company makes money on the production; insiders say it gets reduced rates on equipment and air time, thanks to its Nabisco con-



A rerun for the gold.

nection; and its subsidiary, Ohlmeyer Advertising, is buying promotional time on TV and in print ads for ESPN, an account it picked up in March.

#### ONE TALL ORDER **COMING UP**

Mix a boxing champion, a paint-er, an engineer, an astronaut, a restaurateur, a land developer and a sculptor, and what do you get? A 12-foot, 3,500-pound statue of pitcher Phil Niekro.

The bronze statue, recently unveiled outside Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium, is the creation of the diminutive (5-4) Ed



Dwight casts a giant shadow.

Dwight, who at one time or another pursued the seven careers mentioned above. His sports statues include sculptures of Henry Aaron (which stands next to Niekro's) and Muhammad Ali. Currently he's negotiating deals for statues of Jesse Owens and Jackie Robinson.

Dwight, the son of a centerfielder for the Kansas City Monarchs of the Negro leagues, was a Golden Gloves champ who longed for a career on a different kind of canvas. "I was always drawing and painting," says Dwight, "but my father talked me out of it because artists don't make any money."

Dwight's projects involve a "10step process," beginning with clay models, moving to wax renderings supported by fiberglass,

and ultimately casting 16 huge pieces into bronze and welding them all together. Each statue takes him about a year, even with a team of 5 to 12 assistants. "I don't make a lot of money on these," he says. "I lost my butt on the Aaron thing. But

you learn to get costs under control."

Dwight's renaissance didn't take off until after his 14-year hitch in the Air Force, which culminated in President Kennedy hand-picking him to be the first black astronaut. Dwight lost the assignment, however, after Kennedy's assassination. "President Johnson," Dwight chuckles, "had his own black astronaut."

#### **FULL SPEED** BEHIND

Watch Dale Murphy backpedal under a fly ball, Lester Hayes retreat on third-and-long, Magic Johnson sink a jumper and get back on defense. They all do something they've never trained to do-run backwards.

Ron Austin runs backwards. In fact, Austin has been running backwards for five years, developing a seemingly ridiculous yet practical program he calls "retro training."

According to the 27-year-old Kentuckian there are many benefits to retro training. It will improve athletic performance, posture, concentration (of course) and muscle coordination. It puts more demand on the muscles, in turn burning three times more calories than running forward.

"Retro training is the balancing of muscle groups," he explains. "The shock absorption system in the body is the legs, and with the onslaught of the running boom, the practicality of conditioning muscles was completely overlooked."

Austin came upon retro training after pulling a hamstring muscle. Going backwards reduced the pain and increased his flexibility



Austin's got it backwards.

and extension. Today he can retro run a mile in 6:23; the world record is 6:07.

Working with a physician in Lexington, Austin has convinced the University of Kentucky football team, the Lexington police department, four test groups and several senior citizen groups to retro train

"Six months ago, retro training was laughed at," says Austin. "Now the experts are looking at it in a different light. After all, people have been going backwards for ages."

#### A TRIPLE CROWN THREAT?

New Jersey's Garden State Park is challenging New York racetracks with a lucrative stakes program that could result in a raid on the June 8 Belmont Stakes, the third leg of the Triple Crown.

Garden State, which reopened in April, eight years after a devastating fire, is hoping to lure the winner of the Kentucky Derby to its \$1-million Jersey Derby on Memorial Day with a package of



bonuses. If a horse wins the Kentucky Derby, the Garden State Stakes, the Cherry Hill Mile and the Jersey Derby, a \$2-million bonus will be awarded; if he wins the Jersey Derby and two of the other three, \$1 million will be tacked on.

"This could diminish the Belmont field, depending on how the first two legs of the Triple Crown go," says Bruce Lombardi, assistant racing secretary at Belmont Park. "If the Derby winner loses the Preakness, the trainer might decide to go to New Jersey instead."

The list of 237 Jersey Derby nominees, which includes Chief's Crown, Proud Truth, Stone White, Rhoman Rule and Image of Greatness, shows that a lot of trainers are considering that option. And with the Jersey Derby and Belmont nine days apart, it's going to be an either/or situation.

"To try and run in the Belmont after the Derby, Preakness and Jersey Derby is a lot of racing for a three-year-old," says John Veitch, trainer of Proud Truth. "It would be squeezing the lemon a bit too hard." Only one Kentucky Derby winner, Venetian Way in 1960, has run in all four races.

While the big pot and the mileand-a-quarter distance make the Jersey Derby tempting, Lombardi believes that the prestige and tradition of the \$350,000 Belmont Stakes-even at its grueling oneand-a-half miles-will be enough to keep the big guns in New York, while the also-rans head for New

"But it will be interesting to see what the impact on the future will be," says Lombardi. "These big bonuses, like the \$1 million we offer for our fall championship, are here to stay, but it's becoming a game of 'Can You Top This?'"



#### **HOW TO STEAL** A BASEBALL STAR

The Blue Jays have always fared well in baseball's annual draft of high school and college players (June 3-8)—picking such stars as Jesse Barfield, Lloyd Moseby and Dave Stieb-but Toronto GM Pat Gillick has done even better in December.

That's the month when unprotected minor leaguers can be drafted from other organizations. "Toronto has taught us all a real good lesson on how to use that December draft," says one executive from an AL club, "And a lot of the other clubs have begun to follow their lead."

As examples, Gillick drafted a 20-year-old Willie Upshaw out of the Yankees' Double-A system in 1977. In '80 he nabbed a 21-yearold George Bell, who'd been with the Phillies' Double-A team. The

Upshaw: From Double A, the Blue Jay way.

catch, beyond the \$25,000 drafting price, is that the rules require the player to remain in the majors for one full season; otherwise, the club that lost the player can reclaim him.

Gillick took the risk on this young talent sitting on the bench for a year before they were sent down for seasoning.

He was certainly vindicated once the talented Upshaw (19 home runs, 84 RBIs in '84) and Bell (26, 87) returned to the big leagues wearing Jays uniforms.

And the list continues: reliever Jim Acker, pitcher Jim Gott (later traded for Gary Lavelle) and thirdbase prospect Kelly Gruber all came from the December draft. "Many times," explains Gillick, "a Double-A guy gets caught in a seam and his organization doesn't know whether to protect him or not. We've made a commitment to gamble on some of this raw talent and clear the twenty-fifth spot on the major league roster to keep them."

Though the Jays' pieces for an AL East championship now seem to be in place, that hasn't caused Gillick to stand pat. This season, promising outfielder Lou Thornton, plucked off the Mets' roster, will serve his internship on the Blue Jays' bench.

Vou expect to see high-scoring games at Fenway Park, and you get them-especially when the Tigers come to Boston. The

two teams averaged a total of 14.8 runs per game at Fenway last

Similarly, the Cubs were involved in the highest-scoring games in the NL. Cubs-Reds games averaged 13.2 runs, but that total was achieved at Riverfront Stadium, not Wrigley Field.

Phil Erwin, editor of the Baseball Insight newsletter, says that these figures come in handy when pondering the over/under line (total runs scored by both

teams) that comes out the day of each game.

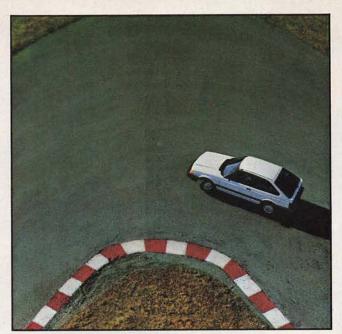
Here are the highest and lowest scoring matchups (average of total runs scored per game)-and where the games were playedin 1984.

	SLUGFEST SERIES			
	TEAMS	RUNS		
1	DETROIT AT BOSTON	14.8		
2	NEW YORK (AL) AT BOSTON	13.7		
3	MILWAUKEE AT BOSTON	13.3		
4	CHICAGO (NL) AT CINCINNATI	13.2		
5	SAN FRANCISCO AT CHICAGO (NL)	13.0		
6	OAKLAND AT DETROIT	12.7		

PITCHING DUELS			
	TEAMS	RUNS	
1	CINCINNATI AT LOS ANGELES	3.8	
2	CALIFORNIA AT TEXAS	4.3	
3	LOS ANGELES AT NEW YORK (NL)	4.7	
4	MINNESOTA AT KANSAS CITY	4.8	
5	BALTIMORE AT TORONTO	5.0	
6	MINNESOTA AT TEXAS	5.0	



The Straightaway.

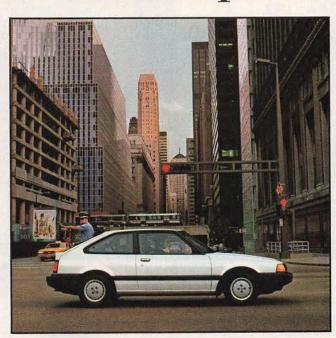


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The Accord Hatchback



#### **HITTING AS GOOD AS GOLDIS**

First there was Ted Williams and his *The Science of Hitting*. Then there was Charley Lau's theory of balanced thrust. Now, just when you thought it was safe to get back in the batter's box. the word is that the newest-and best-way of hitting is based upon the gospel of one Al Goldis.

"My theory," explains the former minor leaguer, now the East Coast scouting supervisor for the



Angels, "stresses the unique physical talents of the individual hitter-that is, your hitting style really depends on your particular body type, your size and your strength." The hitters with the high batting averages, says Goldis, "actually swing down on the ball, as though they were chopping wood."

Goldis describes his rather complex theory this way: "When the pitch comes in, you actually start your swing looking to cut the ball in half. And when you make contact, even though your shoulders are level, the bat's still slicing down on the pitch. As you follow through, your swing levels out and the batted ball takes on a reverse rotation. That accounts for the ball 'jumping' off the bat."

After suffering a career-ending shoulder injury, Goldis went back to school and wrote his master's thesis at Columbia University's School of Education on the physics of hitting. From the major league level on down, Goldis' concepts have been spreading throughout the country.

"Al is one of the most intelligent guys in baseball," says Bob

Goldis: The slice is right.

Humphreys, coordinator of player development for the Brewers. "His ideas are fascinating."

"I spent over nine years in the big leagues," adds Eric Soderholm, who now runs a hitting school in Illinois, "but I learned more about hitting in three hours with Goldis than I did in my entire career." High praise, especially when you consider that Soderholm twice played for teams (Yankees and White Sox) whose hitting instructor was Lau.

#### **Center Uses His Right Wing**

As a baseball talent scout, Al Goldis has stocked the Angels' system with many blue-chip hitters. But he also beats the bushes for pitchers-even if it takes him to the coldest confines a scout could imagine.

It was at the ice hockey rink at the University of Vermont that Goldis discovered hard-throwing righthander Kirk McCaskill, At the moment, McCaskill may be better known to hockey fans as a former all-America center and fourth-round draft pick of the NHL's Winnipeg Jets in 1981.

McCaskill elected to stay in school and play baseball. Goldis liked what he saw and convinced the Angels to draft him. Trying to make the best of both worlds, McCaskill signed with the Angels in '82-and with the Jets in '83.

"The fact was," says McCaskill, 24, "that hockey has always been my first love, and even though I was doing well in the minors with the Angels, the Jets made me an offer that, well, I couldn't refuse."



McCaskill: Pitch or puck.

As it turned out, McCaskill played only nine exhibition games with the Jets, then saw limited time for a year in the minors. "I still love hockey," he says, "but I know now that my career is on the pitching mound."

The Goldis scouting report on McCaskill reads: "He's a real prospect. Kirk will be in the big leagues, if not this year, then definitely next spring." Until then, he'll be playing at Edmonton-for the Triple-A Trappers, not the NHL Oilers.

#### THEY CALL ME **MISTER RIBBS**

Willy T. Ribbs remembers his early days behind the wheel. It was 1969, at his grandfather's farm in Guinda, California. Ribbs climbed into a pickup truck ("I always knew where the keys were") and put the pedal to the metal. As he spun out and sprayed dirt, nervous neighbors wondered whether this 13-year-old would live to see his fourteenth birthday.

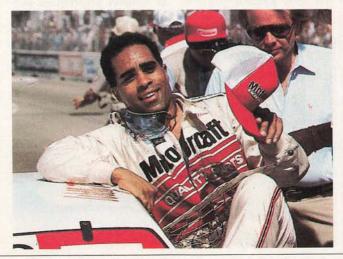
Sixteen years later, Ribbs has made it all the way to the qualifying races at Indianapolis. If he succeeds, he will become the first black driver to compete in the Indy 500.

"I am a pioneer," says Ribbs, 29, "if only because there aren't a lot of black families who can afford the \$30,000 it takes to get started in this sport."

Since he turned pro in 1977, Ribbs has won an impressive 17 of 45 races, including the 1984 Miami Grand Prix. Last year his winnings topped \$90,000 as he took Trans-Am Series rookie of the year honors.

Ribbs is cocky, intense and outspoken, traits that bring to mind his friend, Muhammad Ali. His

pre-race rap is punctuated with such phrases as "We're gonna get it on" and "We're gonna smoke 'em." Asked to describe what it's like driving at 200 mph, Ribbs



answers, "It's like the feeling you get lying in bed waiting for your wife to come out of the bathroom."

His fearless attitude ("If it's between me and the wall, the wall's gonna get the worst of it") has Mike Kranefuss, coordinator of Ford's worldwide racing program, a bit concerned. "Willy's idea of a perfect day is to dominate the trials and run off with the race. At Indy it won't be that way. He's also aware that because he's black, some people might root against him. He'll do more for his career if he just finishes the race."

Ribbs sees things a bit differently. "People may cast me only in the Jackie Robinson mold, but I'm really just one of the fastest young drivers around."

Willy T: A first at Indy?

What's a sports nut to do when your team's been rained out and the closest thing to a sporting event on TV is a repeat of A.D.? Turn on your international shortwave radio and take a sports vacation abroad.

Today's shortwave radios are smaller, cheaper, easier to use and deliver more pulling power per dollar spent. They can put you on a direct line to everything from cricket in England to East European track and field results.

Here's a look at a typical shortwave week. Times are EST and approximate; the program may come on any time within that hour. Cheers!

Monday: "Toward the Seoul Olympics" on Radio Korea at 9:25 A.M. on 9.750 and 15.575 megahertz.

Tuesday: Australian Radio has "Sports Review" at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. on 5.945 and 6.000.

Wednesday: African sports coverage on the "Paris Calling Africa" program over Radio France International at 11:05 A.M. on 11.705, 15.315, 15.435, 17.620 and 17.795.

Thursday: It's "Sports Magazine" over the Voice of Germany (West) at 4 P.M. on 6.185 and 9.765.

Friday: Radio Moscow updates Soviet-sphere events during "Spotlight on Sports" at 5:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 6:30 P.M. Best frequencies are 6.115, 11.840 and 15.135.

Saturday: The BBC's "Saturday Special" provides play-by-play coverage of British events, starting at 10:15 A.M. on 9.515 and 15.260.

Sunday: "Sports Sunday" over the Voice of Israel at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on 7.412, 9.425, 9.440 and 9.815.

In the U.S., the old standby, the Armed Forces Radio and TV Service (6.030 evenings, 15.435 daytime), will be joined this fall by NDXE in Opelika, Alabama. Both stations offer golf, tennis, racing, soccer and gymnastics as well as college and pro games.

#### THE OUTDOOR OUTLOOK: HOT HEATS

This year's NCAA track and I field championships, May 27-June 1 in Austin, Texas, won't just be a battle for collegiate supremacy; it will be the biggest showdown of medal winners since the 1984 Summer Olympics.

Gold medalist Julius Korir, who won the steeplechase for Kenya, will lead the favorite, Washington State (WSU). The silver medal winners will include Arkansas' triple jumper Mike Conley; Iowa State's Danny Harris, the man most likely to break Edwin Moses' 400-meter hurdles streak; and Sam Graddy of Tennessee (100 meters) and Kirk Baptiste of Houston (200), the fastest men in the world besides Carl Lewis. Bronze medalist Earl Jones will run the 800 for Eastern Michigan, while the 400 pits second- and third-place Olympians Gabe Tiacoh of Washington State against Antonio McKay of Georgia Tech.

Two variables make the meet difficult to forecast. This year points will be awarded only for 8 places, not 12 as in '84.

And unlike last year in Eugene. Oregon, Austin will be hot. WSU coach John Chaplin says the heat will prevent his men from running more than one race. That will diminish the impact of Korir, who in '84 won the 5000 and was second in the steeple.

Challenges to WSU should come from Arkansas or Tennessee. Vols coach Stan Huntsman notes that besides Conley, the Razorbacks "have middle distance runners and they won the cross country championship." Chaplin likes Huntsman's squad, whose steepler (Rickey Pittman) and strong sprint corps (led by Graddy) will be tough to beat.

The toughest race of all could be the 400. McKay was stunned in the Olympic final by Lt. Alonzo Babers and by Tiacoh, whom no one had picked for a medal. Chaplin believes his man, Tiacoh, is "the strongest over the last 80 meters. McKay's more experienced, but Gabe is stronger."



Can McKay get his revenge against Tiacoh?

The 400 won't simply be a Gabe and Tony show; the event is so loaded, says Chaplin, that "you may have to run a 44 something to get in the top six." That, folks, would be an Olympic-caliber final.

#### CATCHER IN THE WRITE

The defending NL-champion Padres make for good newspaper copy. Their roster includes an author (Graig Nettles), a future presidential candidate (Steve Garvey), three members of the John Birch Society (Eric Show, Mark Thurmond and Dave Dravecky) and a batting champ (Tony Gwynn). That ought to give Terry Kennedy plenty to write about.

But the 29-year-old catcher has assured his teammates that "Catch This," Kennedy's weekly newspaper column for the Escondido (California) Times-Advocate, will not contain "the gossipy, Ball Four stuff?' The six-year veteran, whose father, Bob, is vice-president of baseball operations for the Astros, says, "I want to give people the kind of insight into baseball that I have."

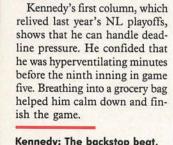
Kennedy will describe his life as a player, and tackle such issues as contract negotiations and league expansion proposals. "I'm

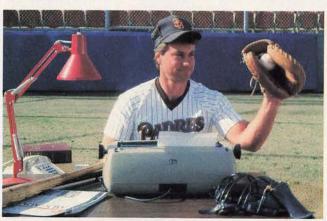
sure Terry is not going to use the column as a political tool," says second baseman Alan Wiggins.

Not that all the Padres are as secure as Wiggins. "I'm not going to make any comment," says Dravecky. "Things can be twisted. Writers write what they want." Adds Show, "If Terry wants to make money in the media, that may involve capitulation."

Not to worry, Eric; Kennedy is writing his column for free. All he asks is his work be critiqued by the Times-Advocate editors.

Before getting his column, Kennedy, an aspiring novelist, often penned essays while the Padres were on road trips. "It was great therapy, but," he says, adding with a smile, "I usually threw out the stuff I wrote."





Kennedy: The backstop beat.

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6/7 Orlando @ Memphis

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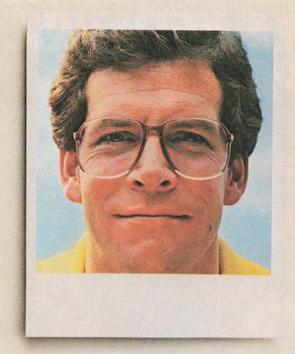
6/14 Denver @ Portland

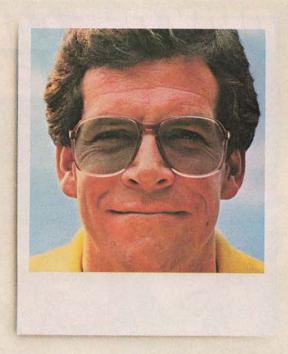
6/15 New Jersey @ Oakland\* 6/17 San Antonio @ Houston 6/21 Los Angeles @ Orlando 6/22 Arizona @ Memphis

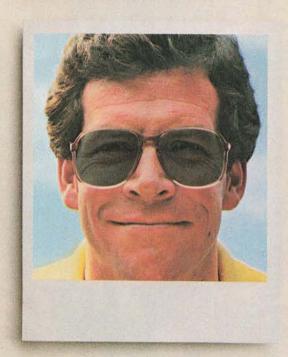
6/24 Oakland @ Houston
\*Game may change. Check local listings

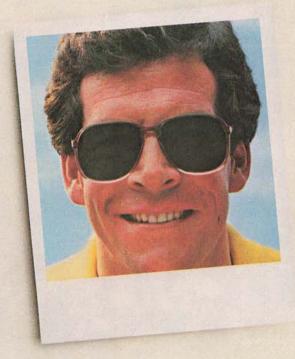
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#### **GENERAL ADMISSION**

t was not Sheldon Gold's idea to bring sumo wrestling to America this June. The Japan Sumo Association got the idea and spoke to the people at Fuji Television who spoke to Sheldon Gold who was wild for it even though he had not actually seen sumo in its considerable flesh.

Sheldon Gold has done the Peking Opera. He has done Kabuki. He does Pinchas Zukerman and Itzhak Perlman and he swears that when he told Pinchas and Itzhak that he was doing authentic sumo at Madison Square Garden for the first time ever in the USA his stock rose very high in their eyes. Pinchas and Itzhak are fans, which is to say that sumo means more to them than two fatties shoving each other.

Now all Sheldon Gold has to do is convince, oh, 50,000 or so Americans that to miss this show will be to miss that most American of occurrences, The Event. But then as his old boss, the impressario Sol Hurok, used to tell him, "If this business was easy, everybody would do it."

What will happen over three days at the Garden starting June

14 will be a close approximation of what takes place in Japan over 15 days every other month. The true tournaments begin at 10 in the morning and run till 6 o'clock, but even the most passionate followers do not arrive until midafternoon, when they slip off their shoes, open their boxed sushi lunches, pour their tea and take in the spectacle. The Garden shows will be abbreviated for the neophyte American audience. They will feature only the best and the biggest.

That the sumo association has never undertaken an American tour—the trip may also include a visit to the White House but there would be no wrestling there, only pageantry-is, for Sheldon Gold, a mixed blessing. Because it is a first it might well attract those people who spend their nonworking hours trying to discern which bandwagon to jump on.

But then this is a first about which the populace is generally naive. Were it musical in nature rather than sporting (and therefore more easily categorized as Culture), Gold's job would be easier. In sport there is little snob appeal.

Nonetheless, the Garden cannot be filled for sumo with sporting types alone, because even among them sumo is, well, vague. The martial arts enthusiasts will be alerted and group rates will be available. But how is Sheldon Gold to convince people who associate wrestling with Sargeant Slaughter and the Iron



#### Is America Ready for **Battling Fatties?**

Americans and Japanese have baseball in common, And sushi, Now someone wants us to have sumo wrestling in common, too. Don't laugh. Don't invest in it, but don't laugh.

Sheik to pay to watch an evening of contests between underclothed heavy-bellied fellows who will stare at each other for four minutes, throw a lot of salt in the air (this is said to purify the ring; sumo, which is 1,500 years old, is not without its religious aspects), clap their hands to signal the Shinto gods, slap themselves on the haunches, rinse out their mouths, wipe the sweat from their armpits, throw some more salt in the air and then, after all that, fight for maybe 10 seconds? And how is he to convince those with little interest in sporting events to do so as well?

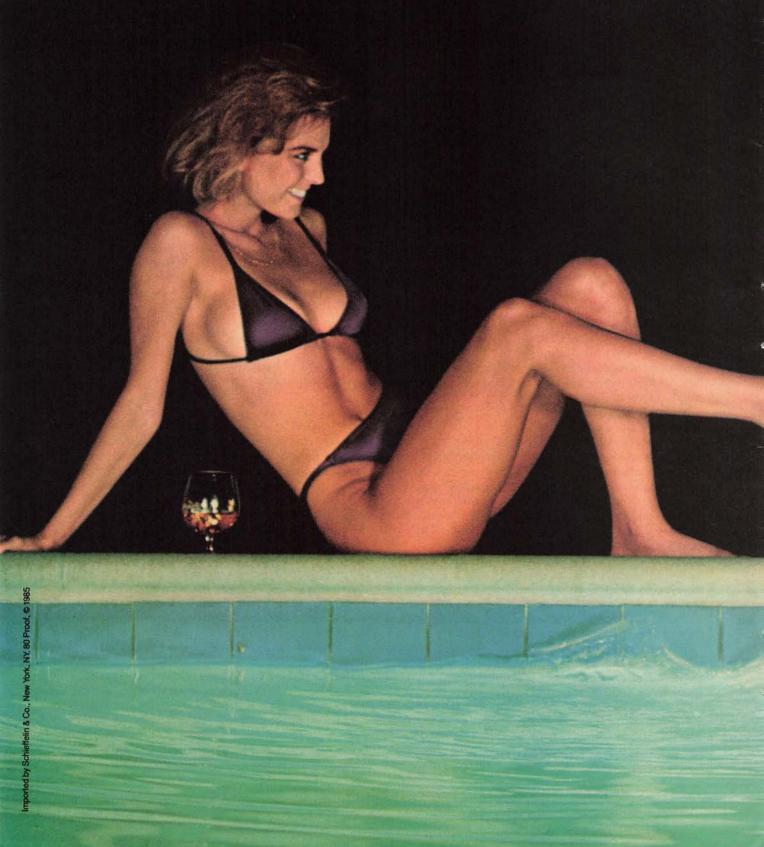
Sheldon Gold is a dreamer, but he is not a fool. He understands that because there are about 50,000 Japanese living in the New York area, he has the foundation for an audience. He understands as well that because so many Japanese firms have offices in New York and so many American firms do business with Japan, he can solicit customers through direct mailings to these businesses and can appeal to the Japanese themselves through the Japanese-language UHF programs that Fuji Television airs in

New York. Fuji will be sponsoring the Garden tournament and beaming it back to Japan. There is interest at Fuji in the possibilities of bringing sumo to America regularly, via cable TV. It will watch the American response with interest.

s for the matter of attracting everyone else, enter Marilynn LeVine and Kate Cox, Publicity and Advertising, respectively. In January they came to Japan, saw a tournament, waved to the Emperor, sat through many hours of business meetings, smoked many cigarettes, met the wrestlers, sampled their highly caloric lunches-they are not fat athletes by accident-and, in the course of their brief stay, saw some of their assumptions about sumo shrivel and evaporate. After assessing the situation, Marilynn LeVine decided that if she pulled this one off she wanted a How-I-Did-It story on her in Advertising Age.

"I'm still fishing for my nomenclature," she said one afternoon after too many hours in a conference room. The day had begun with a visit to a wrestling stable that was followed by haggling over when certain photographs necessary for the campaign might be available. She was anxious to have them in hand before her departure. Her hosts explained that this might be difficult. They jockeyed across an interpreter for a while and

# Hennessy The civilized way







you could not help but think that somewhere in their frustrated interchange lay a metaphor.

Here was a New Yorker, impatient for quick results, getting irritated at a pace that the Japanese find suitable but that to outsiders feels glacial. For all of sumo's spectacle and intense confrontation you wondered how well an American audience

would react to a sport with relatively little action and seemingly endless preparation. Americans find pleasure in the long pauses of baseball when they think that after the waiting something that matters is going to happen. But in September when your team is going nowhere and playing another team going nowhere, all the waiting is dull.

So Marilynn LeVine sat in her hotel room and allowed that she had come to Japan thinking "The Art of Sumo," but that this no longer applied. "I don't know whether you can sell it as the art of sumo," she said between bursts of pacing.

"The ceremony is beautiful but it's not an art form. You might call it artistic but it's not art." The wrestlers enter to the sound of wooden clappers and march around the dirt ring (that at least had been taken care of; the sumo people found 15 metric tons on Long Island of just the right dirt for wrestling), clap in unison and give a little hitch to their fancy aprons. The Grand Champions follow and do a number of things, chief among them stomping evil into the ground. The crowds love this.

But it is over fast, and then you've got to hook the uninitiated on the sport, which, like all two-man face-offs, is best when the audience knows and cares about the participants.

hat happens, however, when the audience has never heard of the participants, and perhaps is incapable of pronouncing their names? LeVine would have offered the answer herself, but Leonard Stein did it better. Stein, Gold's associate, mournfully entered her hotel room and announced that Konishiki had lost that day at the sumo tournament. Stein at this point had been in Japan for four days, but suddenly the knowledge that Konishiki had lost devastated him. A week before he might have thought Konishiki to be a new Eastern European restaurant on the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

The wrestlers enter, give a little hitch to their fancy aprons and then start stomping evil into the ground. The crowds love this.

Rather, Konishiki is a 21-year-old Hawaiian whose real name is Salevaa Atisnoe. He weighs 491 pounds. He is the scourge of sumo, beating the best in the game with just over two years of experience. Japan cannot stop talking about him. That he speaks English, that he is an American, that he has an infectious smile and disposition gives Marilynn LeVine, at the very least, one personality to sell to America, one fellow who can have a reasonable chat with David Hartman or Jane Pauley. She does not have three weeks to build the others into personalities, to make names like Asashio, Kitao and Chiyonofuji matter to America.

"I wouldn't know where to turn if we didn't have him," LeVine said. "He speaks like any Californian. He plays the trumpet. He wants to go to Syracuse University. He's really a sweet kid. He's not freaky. He's just big. I wish I had him for two weeks in New York."

But until his arrival (the wrestling schedule will not allow him to depart before the other wrestlers) she can still call upon the only other American to fare reasonably well in the sport, the now-retired Takamiyama—the former Jesse Kuhaulua. He will be the spokesman. Now, to call Jesse's voice hoarse would be kind. But the man has managed to make a second career in Japan on television commercials. It seems he is regarded as cuddly. And so it is he who will embody sumo for America in the early days of the campaign—the period of The Tease.

The Tease was something that Marilynn and Kate came up with after they realized that they had to hook people a bit before they could convince them that sumo was not to be missed. Kate had worked on the *Ghostbusters* campaign that began with posters showing the movie's ghost-in-the-no-parking-sign logo above the teaser "Coming to Save the World This Summer." Sumo wrestlers, though literate, sign their names with big red handprints. Why not, it was suggested, plaster the New York area with

big handprints and get people wondering?

You cover subway stations and suburban train stations. Then you plaster the word "Sumo" on the sides of buses on the busiest routes in Manhattan. (Of course, there was the matter of the sumo people wanting the letter O as a prefix to sumo. O in Japanese denotes honorable.

The sumo association takes its sport with great solemnity. But then it is hard enough getting people thinking of sumo without mucking things up with an O.)

The Tease would dangle the hook. The Commercial would plant it.

The Commercial was introduced by Sheldon Gold one afternoon in the lobby of Tokyo's swanky Hotel Okura, when he leaned forward in the manner of a man possessed by the impossible and began to narrate what existed only in his mind: Slow-motion shots. Menacing eyes. Tensing calves. Twitching hands. "Sumo... the sport of Emperors [this is not an exaggeration; Hirohito is a big fan]. Sumo... for the first time in history. Sumo... at Madison Square Garden. Sumo... the biggest thing ever to hit New York." Cut to colliding wrestlers and sound over with cheers of an appreciative throng.

By this point the tournament would be imminent. Radio announcements would begin. And when the wrestlers arrive, no secret would be made of the photo opportunities inherent in the American debut of 60 Japanese men who wear their hair the way it's done in samurai movies and who are too big to fit comfortably into anything but robes. Kitsch will be avoided. No standoffs against the Green Bay Packers. No Texas Death Matches with Dusty Rhodes, the American Dream.

But will people care enough to show? They showed for Kabuki, but that was at the Metropolitan Opera House. They showed for King Tut, but that was Once in a Lifetime. They showed for Pele, but that was Pele. The answer is as obvious as it is for simple things like love and stardom.

"A whole nation is fascinated by this," Marilynn LeVine said. The tournament was on the hotel room television. And like 30 million other people at that moment, she turned to watch.

Michael Shapiro is a freelance writer currently living in Tokyo.





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#### **SPORT INTERVIEW**

He was battered and bruised in Cleveland and Frisco. So why is he looking for more?

#### Frank Robinson

ey, wait a minute. Frank Robinson isn't supposed to smile like that. He's supposed to snarl. And that laughter. Since when does Frank Robinson laugh? Isn't this the lean, mean Hall-of-Famer who started a verbal skirmish with Gil Hodges during the '69 World Series? Isn't this the guy who bugged the Lords of Baseball so much about hiring a black manager that they finally conspired to ship him to Cleveland?

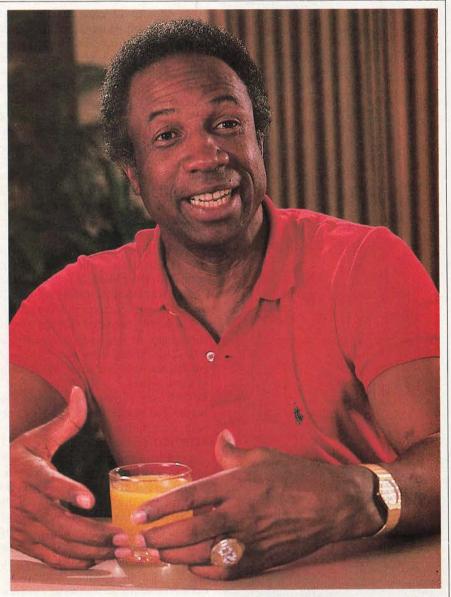
Yup. That's the guy. And after 33 years as a player, coach and manager, after 586 career home runs, after a 450-466 managerial record in just under seven seasons, Frank Robinson still hasn't learned to play the diplomat. He'll still say what he feels must be said.

But there has been a change. Frank Robinson is more reflective now. He's more, dare we say it, sensitive to how people feel about him.

Relaxing in his Miami hotel room, enjoying a day off from his second stint as a Baltimore coach, Robinson explained just how he has learned that there is a middle road between "my way and the highway."

**SPORT:** There have been 10 managerial changes in the last year. Were you approached about any of the openings? **ROBINSON:** No. No one talked to me. Nothing.

**SPORT:** Were you waiting by the phone? **ROBINSON:** No. I'd have been totally surprised had some club contacted me. The only two job opportunities I had were in Milwaukee, as a minor league hitting instructor and assistant to the general manager, working with the Brewers when they were at home, and the coaching job



in Baltimore.

**SPORT:** Why would you have been so surprised?

**ROBINSON:** I think baseball organizations might feel that it's time for a break away from Frank Robinson as a manager. Try somebody else. Let's go in another direction. That type of thing. To be hired as a manager today, someone has to like you or they have had to be your friend for quite a long time.

**SPORT:** You don't have many friends throughout baseball?

**ROBINSON:** I have people who I'm friendly with. Harry Dalton with the Brewers, Frank Cashen with the Mets. But I don't think I have anyone who is a *friend*, someone I'm very close to.

**SPORT:** After the Giants released you, did you have thoughts of getting out of the game?

ROBINSON: I didn't have thoughts of

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getting out, but for the first time I really seriously thought about looking into something outside of baseball for a livelihood, something that would carry me for the next 5, 10, 15 years. I realized that it might be time to do that, that maybe my future from here on out is not in baseball.

**SPORT:** What made you think that? **ROBINSON:** Well, number one, this was the second job I'd had as a manager, and if the opportunity came again it would be a while. You see other managers fired or released, and before the ink is dry some other organization is after them. And it didn't happen. So I told my family, "Maybe it's time I started looking for something else."

SPORT: You said you thought it would be a while before you were offered another managing job. Is there a "handsoff"period with some fired managers? ROBINSON: I don't think there's a hands-off period for every manager who's released. I don't want to sound bitter, but I just think it's me. Don't get me wrong, I'm not the only manager this happens to, because every manager who is fired doesn't get a job; I know that. But it seems like good baseball men get some kind of job. I don't know what baseball people think about me, but I don't think I'm as highly respected as some people think I am. At least as far as the people who do the hiring. They're certainly not pulling my name out of the hat as often as some others.

**SPORT:** Any theories as to why? Too brash? Too black? Too "can't get along with modern-day ballplayers"?

ROBINSON: A combination, I guess. I can't sit here and put words in people's mouths. I've heard a little bit of all of it. Naturally I think some of it has to do with the fact that I'm black. But that's not the overriding factor. I think a lot of it has to do with my personality. Some of it has to be because I am a hard-ass, as they call it. I'm perceived as no-yield, tough to get along with. People don't think I communicate with today's players. I am outspoken when I think I'm right, when I think I have a cause to talk about. I don't bite my tongue. That's probably worked against me more than anything. SPORT: You said you don't think you're highly respected. What characteristics do you bring to managing?

**ROBINSON:** My strength is in worrying about and attention to detail. A lot of people think that being a superstar or whatever, with things coming so easy for me as a hitter, that I wouldn't be concerned

about little details, about fundamentals. People say I don't understand .250 hitters or bench warmers. That's not true. I sat on the bench. I had injuries. I hit .250. I know what it is. People didn't think I could understand players who weren't stars. But I think I can. And I think I did my best work with those types of players.

Maybe my worst characteristic is not showing people or players that I really did care, that I could smile. The way I carry myself and the way I am, people have a tendency to stand off a bit and not get to know me. People will look at me from across the room and not like me. But I think once people get to know me, they say, "Geez, I really like the guy." Maybe I didn't bring the players in enough but I think I had an understanding and would explain things to players. I was a good listener if people wanted to talk.

And one of my downfalls is I'm too honest. I don't play the game and never will. If you ask me a question and I have an answer, I'll tell you. If I don't have an answer, I'll go find it and come back and tell you. But I won't play the game.

**SPORT:** With your managerial experience, won't you find it tough holding back now that you're a coach? Since your hiring, there have been references to you as "waiting in the wings."

ROBINSON: It's a very fine line. I'll have to be careful. But I've been a coach and manager and I think I can walk that line. If I didn't think I could do a job here without friction or problems, I wouldn't be here. Because I don't have to be here. If Baltimore is looking for a manager, this year, next year, sometime in the future, and I wasn't working here, I think I'd still be considered for the job.

SPORT: No matter where you were? ROBINSON: No matter where I was. I'm here to do the best job I can possibly do to help the ballclub. I hope they win. I don't like to see anyone lose their job, and I mean that. But that's baseball, that's life. Sooner or later somebody's going to be fired. I'm not just here looking for a job. If a job opens up and it's a good job, I'd like to be considered. I want to manage again someday. I don't hide that fact. But I'm not here hoping that Joe Altobelli fails, the ballclub fails, and he's fired. SPORT: Considering your feelings about the Orioles' franchise, would managing in Baltimore be your "ultimate" baseball job? ROBINSON: It depends on when it might come. Naturally I feel like, yes, it would be an outstanding opportunity to manage the club right now, or in the very

near future. Sometimes you think something's the "ultimate" job and suddenly the talent in that organization is depleted, or deteriorates, and you have to go through the rebuilding era. Sometimes you get caught up in those organizations when they're not in good years.

But the Orioles have that winning tradition. They haven't won pennants every year, but they've been close, in contention so many years it's unbelievable. So it is the ideal job. There's just a handful around; a half-dozen ballclubs with really outstanding jobs to walk in on.

**SPORT:** Besides Baltimore?

ROBINSON: As far as talent and tradition, you have to put the Dodgers right at the top of the list. And the Yankees, although people say the situation with Steinbrenner is impossible. But you look at the Yankees' job and you say, "Hey, there's a job where I can win that year." And I think that's all any manager wants-a chance to win that year.

The Cardinals are a good, sound organization. In the past few years Houston's talent has bloomed. They've been in contention. I like the Padres, what they're doing. Chicago has come along since Dallas Green has been there. And the Mets are turning in the right direction.

SPORT: You're referred to as a "bench coach" with the Orioles. What does that entail?

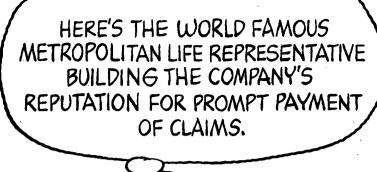
**ROBINSON:** I make sure no one steals the bench.

**SPORT:** Seriously.

ROBINSON: The job will really evolve as the season progresses. I guess I'm like an assistant, a right-hand man to the manager in the dugout, helping him do some of the things that he possibly won't have time to do during a ballgame.

First, I work with the outfielders. Then, say, I could be chatting with the players between innings when I feel they've made a mistake, a missed cut-off man, something like that. Maybe letting a guy know to get ready for a pinch-hit situation coming up next inning. I guess a coach in my position does a little bit of everything except work with the pitchers. **SPORT:** Given that responsibility, are you worried about friction developing between you and Joe Altobelli?

ROBINSON: No. I think it's working very smoothly. There was a little "let's wait and see" on both sides at first. But I know my role, and I'm not going to overstep my bounds. As a manager, I had coaches who overstepped their bounds with me. I know what I have to do and how I have to do it.





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#### **SPORT QUIZ**

Answers from page 99. 1—d. 2—Babe Ruth, Johnny Mize, Claudell Washington. 3—c. 4—c. 5—a-3, b-4, c-2, d-1. 6—c. -Hal Newhouser. 8-a-3, b-4, c-1, d-2. 9-Detroit Pistons, Dave Bing, 1966; Jimmy Walker, 1967. 10—Chris Evert Lloyd. 11—d. 12—Hank Aaron and Willie McCovey. Answer to last month's Stumper (Two active NBA coaches were drafted as players by a current NFL general manager. Name the coaches, the general manager and the teams that drafted them.): Pat Riley, K.C. Jones; Tex Schramm; Cowboys and Rams.

#### **CREDITS**

5—Clockwise from top left: Peter Travers, John McDonough (5).11—Assemblage at top right: Olympic site in background by Stephen Dunn/Focus West, Gaylord by Roger Elwood/Gamma-Liaison, Wyland and Louganis by Dan Helms/Doumo. Damian Strohmeyer (bottom left), Dansel Scheme (Noter 15) Dan Dry. 12-Chuck Solomon/Focus on Sports. Gerald Davis (top left), Rob Brown (top right), Dennis Ashlock. 16—David Madison (top), Dan Rios/TimesAdvocate. 48—John McDonough (2). 58—Chuck Solomon/Focus on Sports. 71—Field in background and DeLeon by David Walberg, Eckersley by Bill Smith, Stieb and Niekro by Rich Pilling. 74—David Sutton. 78—George Olson. 90—John McDonough. 91—Bill Smith. 94—Rob Brown. 95—John McDonough. 99—From left: Rich Pilling, Rich Pilling, Focus on Sports, Chuck Solomon, David Walberg.

#### PRO AND COLLEGE FOOTBALL TRIVIA CONTEST

1-William (Pudge) Heffelfinger, 1892. 2-Denver Broncos beat Detroit Lions, 13-7. 3-Striped footballs were eliminated. 4-Tom McDonald. 5-Joe Namath. 6-1934 NFL Championship game was called the Sneakers Game because the New York Giants wore sneakers rather than cleats in the second half to get better traction on the frozen field. 7—Chuck Bednarik played center and line-backer for the Philadelphia Eagles, 1960. 8—Boston Red-skins, 1936. 9—Frank Filchock did play; Merle Hapes did not, 10-Al Blozis, 11-The tackling dummy, 12-The 1963

Army-Navy game. 13-Harvard, 1874. 14-Gov. Huey Long of Louisiana. 15-Madison Square Garden, 1888, between Penn and Rutgers. 16—A game played by American servicemen in Italy in 1945, during WWII. 17—Havana, Cuba,1937, between Auburn and Villanova. 18—Nebraska won the Orange Bowl from 1971-73; Alabama won the Sugar Bowl from 1978-80; Oklahoma won the Orange Bowl from 1979-81. 19—Question voided because of incorrect information. 20-David Baker, Brewster Hobby and Johnny Rodgers.





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SPORT: What have you learned from your two managing jobs?

ROBINSON: I guess understanding, communication with the players, although they said I didn't do it as much as I should have in San Francisco. They should have seen me in Cleveland [laughs]. But I have learned to compromise. Sure, I give the needle. Or I might come by and give a player a mean look. But that's just my way of kidding with you. I think I'm as fair as any manager around.

Wherever I've been, Cleveland, San Francisco, I think I've shown—and this doesn't come out when things are going poorly, when I'm fired—that I have been able to and did compromise, and was willing to try it someone else's way. I listened to players in Cleveland say, "Well, I think we ought to do it this way, it might work this way," and I'd say okay. But you only hear about the part where "he wouldn't give in," or "he wouldn't talk to me."

**SPORT:** Are you saying that your hardass reputation isn't true?

ROBINSON: Part of it is. But most of it isn't. When I took the Cleveland job, I think I was a little tougher on the players than I should have been, but I wanted to win so badly. The situation was

difficult because the talent wasn't there. The public had been given reason to believe we could win the AL East, and in my heart I knew we couldn't. But I couldn't say that outwardly, because that's not the thing a manager's supposed to say, they tell me. That's too honest. We're not always honest in baseball, you know.

I think I might have been a little too hard in Cleveland, but I don't think I was that hard in San Francisco.

SPORT: And what did you learn from San Francisco?

**ROBINSON:** To be Frank Robinson. In San Francisco I listened to too many people. The general manager. The owner. The team psychologist who told me to be easier going. But it didn't work. We'd play badly and the players would be waiting for me to explode, and they just kept waiting. And I didn't. It wasn't me.

SPORT: What's been the problem with the Giants' organization?

**ROBINSON:** Number one, they let their lifeline, their minor league system, dry up. The talent within the organization just went to zero. Also, I don't think they have real good baseball people within the organization. They bring people in from the wrong positions. They don't have

baseball backgrounds, they're inexperienced. And they put them in a position to control the organization.

I don't think they have good instructors and managers in their minor league system because they're not willing to pay them and they want them to do two and three jobs for one salary. It's a power struggle. People are pulling in different directions, worrying about "what I did" instead of worrying about what's good for the organization, what's good for the club. SPORT: So what does the owner, Bob Lurie, do about this?

ROBINSON: What he has to do is put a foot down. But Bob Lurie is not baseball-wise enough as an owner. He has to rely too much on other people to tell him how to run the organization. If he had more knowledge, or surrounded himself with good baseball people, then he could get things straightened out.

SPORT: Do you think if you had had more time in San Francisco you could have turned the club around?

ROBINSON: No, no. I wanted to stay, but I don't see how I was going to survive much longer anyway. It's just in turmoil over there. People weren't pulling in the same direction. It may be better now because a lot of people there now are friends, ex-teammates. Jim Davenport and Tom Haller [the GM] are close friends. Chuck Hiller's back, Rocky Bridges, who they wanted me to bring in a couple of years ago, but I wouldn't. So there may be more cooperation there now than when I was there. I know there is. **SPORT:** Did you have problems with Tom Haller?

ROBINSON: Yes I did, yes. You have to call them problems. We were two individuals who just didn't mesh. It was like oil and water.

**SPORT:** Is playing in Candlestick Park really that much of a detriment to the

ROBINSON: A bit. But it didn't stop Mays and Marichal and McCovey and Cepeda and Hart. They didn't enjoy playing there anymore than today's players. But it didn't affect their performance. It affects the players today because they're a little short on talent.

SPORT: Do you think the Giants will

**ROBINSON:** I think they'll try real hard. Suddenly Lurie realizes that it looks like the city isn't going to build another stadium. Putting a dome on Candlestick would be a mistake, because it's not in a good area. And if the city won't build a new park, yeah, the best thing to do



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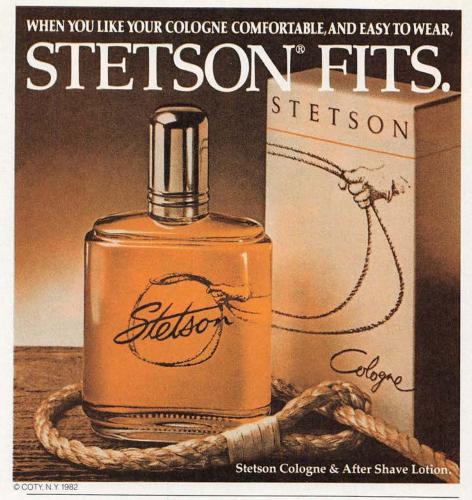


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would be to move down to San Iose. If you have a good ballpark, good weather, people will support the ballclub even when it's not going well. They're not gonna do that in Candlestick Park.

SPORT: Considering your comments on the Giants' talent drain, was 1982's thirdplace finish just dumb luck?

ROBINSON: No, I think something was building. The foundation wasn't solid; by that I mean we didn't have the young players coming up. But what we built in '82 could have been carried over another year or so. But it wasn't, because the heart was torn out of the ballclub when they let Joe Morgan and Reggie Smith get away. Morgan and Smith were leaders, and when they left, it just reverted to what it was before-finger-pointers and excuse-makers.

SPORT: Do you still feel that National League players are superior to American League players?

ROBINSON: Yes, but the tide is turning, primarily because of free agency. You get more of a blend now, National Leaguers coming over and American Leaguers going the other way, seeing how the game is played in the National League. But the AL is still a different brand of baseball. And you can't just point fingers at players. It's the whole American League attitude. It's more wait-and-see, rather than making things happen.

For instance, the top players in the AL, the home-run and RBI guys, they don't steal bases. They don't play that exciting speed game in the American League. There's a slowness to the AL game. The attitude is, "Well, I don't want my star breaking up the double play because I might lose him." The National Leaguer will hit home runs and go from first to third on a single, maybe score on a long single. He'll break up the double play and hit-and-run. There's no pampering.

SPORT: What about a guy like Dave Winfield, a National Leaguer who goes over to the AL?

ROBINSON: He doesn't change. A Hal McRae doesn't change. That's why they get into trouble by sliding hard at second base. They take that base, and the American Leaguer sort of says, "Hey, what's wrong with you? We don't play that kind of ball."

SPORT: Aside from yourself, who is the next black manager?

ROBINSON: I honestly can't say. I don't have a good feel for every organization,

but you look around and you hear things about guys being groomed here and there. But I never hear of a black coach or a black player being groomed.

SPORT: What about Joe Morgan? He's been mentioned in conjunction with a few jobs. Do you think he'll ever manage? ROBINSON: No. I think he could and would make a good manager. But Joe doesn't want to. He's told me on a number of occasions that he just doesn't see how I can deal with today's ballplayers. He said he couldn't do it. He had that great opportunity in Houston, the owner really wanted him to take the job. It was tough on Joe to turn it down.

But I think Joe would like a position in a front office. And not just any position. I think he'd like a general manager's job. SPORT: Would you like a front-office job? A general manager's job?

ROBINSON: Yes I would. I think that's the next challenge if I leave the field. I don't think I could be an assistant, sitting behind a desk doing nothing. I've never worked in the front office. But naturally I have worked with the front office, and I have a pretty good feel about what goes on up there. It would be an interesting job. SPORT: Have you ever felt that your personality is just not conducive to managing? ROBINSON: Yes, it's struck me that maybe managing is just not my niche in life. SPORT: So why do you want to do it so desperately?

ROBINSON: It's just part of me. I've been successful at just about everything else I've done in the game, and the challenge is in my blood. Maybe I'm stubborn and maybe I'm a glutton for punishment, but I've never been a quitter. And I feel that if I say, "Okay, it's not for me," I may be giving up a little too soon. I've set no time limit, but I won't be a career coach. **SPORT:** Yet there's an essential catch-22 to the managerial game. Job opportunities come along much more often in the Clevelands and San Franciscos of the league than with the stable organizations. Do you really want to skipper another sinking ship?

ROBINSON: There are more openings in better organizations nowadays. Now you can finish second, or lose the World Series, and you may be fired. I knew going into my first two jobs that I wasn't dealing with great organizations, but I couldn't afford to say no to the opportunity. Now I'm at a stage in my life, in my career, where I can say no to a job I don't think is right.

Listen, I've been eating hamburgers. I'd love to have the filet mignon.



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### GEORGE BRETT HAS HAS SOME-THING TO PROVE

by Charles Newman

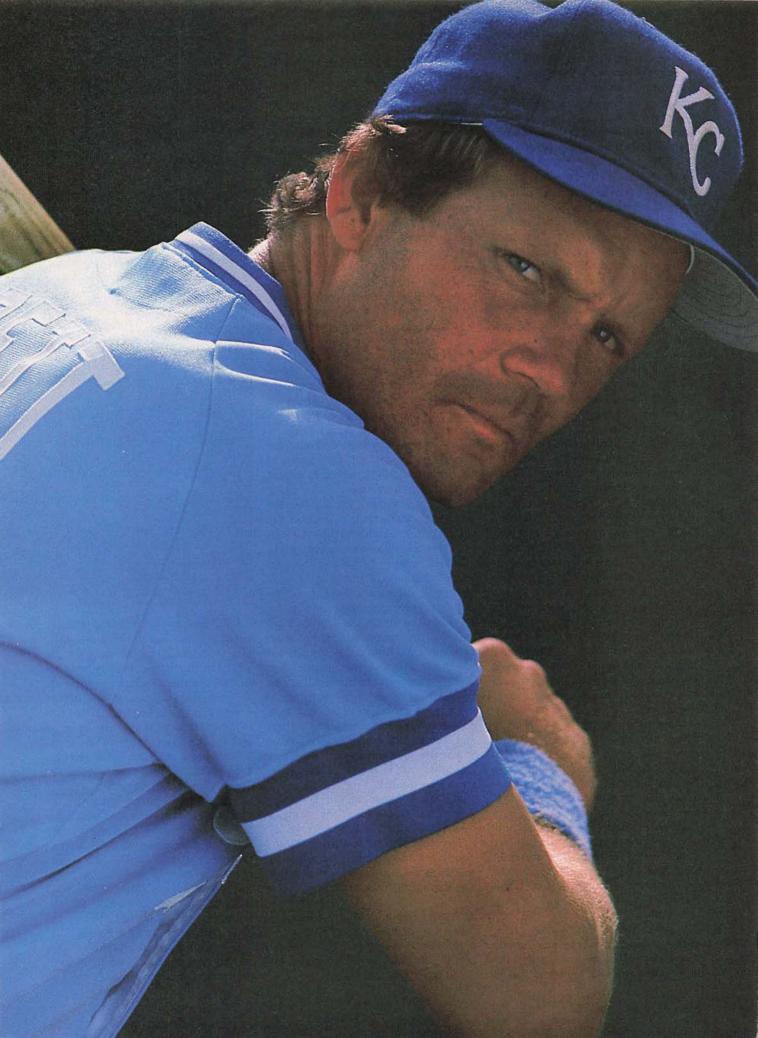
n a batting cage, within the ramshackle Royals complex where lifestyle stopped somewhere in the Forties, surrounded in turn by a howling Florida built apparently without a single intervening thought, are an overweight black man with a pronounced limp and a heavylegged blond man who lost 22 pounds in the off-season. There are no coaches, no fans, no scoreboard, no pressjust the two of them and the iron mike-but what they are doing remains the essence of a diluted game. Hal McRae, perhaps the most productive DH since the rule was written, is going on 39, and George Brett, the golden boy of the late Seventies, is 32.

It is very rare today that you will see two veterans of such accomplishment with 10 years in the same organization, rarer still that they would choose to work together on common problems from a common viewpoint, and nowhere else can one see so plainly demonstrated the elements of technical refinement and concentration in hitting a baseball.

For men so dissimilar physically, their swings are mirror images of one another. Square, balanced, slightly closed stance, well off the plate, hands held in and low, barrel cocked an inch from the back arm and drooping slightly, tension-free swing, head absolutely still, meeting the ball where it's pitched, top-hand release on the followthrough and an effortless rhythmic transfer of weight-it is the classic signature of Charlie Lau, the hitting instructor. While he hasn't worked for the Royals since 1978, one is constantly aware of his influence on the younger Kansas City players as they absorb him through the examples of Brett and McRae.

But McRae is clearly one year away from coaching, and Brett, a nine-time all-star, is coming off his least-productive season (104 games, .284). More disturbingly, Brett has had but one injury-free season since 1976. He has missed 239 games in his career with a variety of serious problems, in-





cluding chronic back pain, a broken toe, tendinitis of the wrist, bone chips in the thumb, bruised heel, torn hamstring and knee ligaments, averaging only 115 games a year for the last five. And even when he was hitting for average his run production fell off. (In 1983, for example, when he hit .310 he hit only .186 in what the Elias Sports Bureau has now made famous as "late-inning pressure situations.") But you can fool around with statistics only so much, and the ones that are most telling are a career average of .332 in those clutch situations and, above all, the fact that the Royals have played .554 with him in the lineup and .459 without him. To go from seven seasons averaging .320 to four years averaging .302 is not exactly shabby.

The drama of Brett's career and the immediate future of the Royals' franchise are in close embrace. The Royals, defending champions of the AL West, need a healthy, productive Brett if they hope to finish first by more than default, as they did last year. The standard of expectation is something like hitting .315, driving 20 or more homers and pushing across 100 RBIs, or better, if he can stay healthy.

Avron Fogelman, the Royals' new coowner, was concerned that Brett get himself in superior condition over the winter, and Brett acknowledges that he had a "weight problem" a year ago. Last spring, Fogelman signed Brett to a lifetime contract worth \$1.7 million per year through 1991. Fogelman would like Brett to protect that investment.

There is no doubt that Brett reported to spring training this year in the best shape of his career. Over the winter he hired a trainer who put him through a strenuous workout program and on a strict diet, and Brett says he is stronger than he ever was. He certainly looks superbly conditioned.

Nonetheless, the fact is that most of Brett's injuries over the years were not due to lack of conditioning but, rather, to playing hard on an unforgiving artificial surface and to more than his share of bad luck. It may be that neither he nor the Royals have the potential they have inspired. After all, how do you motivate a player who is as rich as and more secure than Croesus? And from Brett's point of view, how do you respond to irrational expectations, particularly on a team that has never proved very strong in postseason play?

What is clear in Brett's case is that, given his makeup and his intense pride and desire, a lifetime contract and the leadership it implies is something that he

takes very seriously and only increases the pressure on him.

o appreciate how good he is you have to watch Brett in the cage. That morning with McRae he took over 200 swings, about 1 in every 10 of which McRae pronounced "perfect." He let about 10 percent of the pitches go and never missed a single one. Every ball was hit hard, and most went right back into the machine or slightly to the left of it. He met each pitch on the same plane with the same bat velocity, never varied his stride more than an inch, and never took a breather except to reload the machine. In his stance, he is in constant if barely perceptible motion, like a single-prop airplane just before the blades begin to blur, the bat wheeling in unobtrusive arcs, his head screwed into a trancelike concentration. If you think this unremarkable, watch almost any other major league batter take his 10 allotted swings. They are invariably many different swings and the concentration varies considerably.

Despite this performance, so astonishing when you consider the tedium of baseball practice, it was clear that Brett was still uncomfortable with his swing and McRae reminded him that this was partly the "cage thing." Because the machine has no slow windup, you cannot follow the ball as you can in the pitcher's hand, so you tend to lunge, opening your hip too soon. The cage can get you in trouble, Brett acknowledged, but today it was only exaggerating the problem he had had all spring, revealing the small flaw. Because what Brett learned from Lau is that you cannot diagnose the hitting problem from a symptom—the cause is always more complex and hidden. The problem was not in his hip, but in committing his hands too early. And so to compensate, he has learned through trial and error to cock the bat's barrel so that it actually touches the rear shoulder, reminding him to keep his hands back, to wait on the ball.

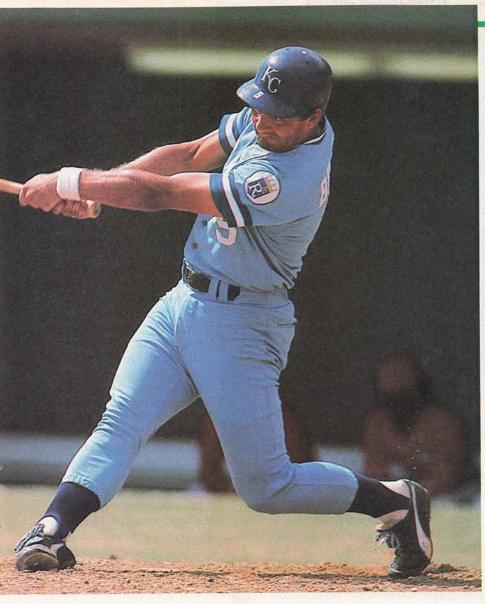
And that afternoon, against the Expos, he got his first big hit of the spring, a hard, two-run liner to left-center. In the lockerroom afterward he was that old, engaging, beaming kid of 1980 again, with an unabashed enthusiasm about which it is impossible to be cynical.

harlie Lau is dead and gone, and in his lifetime was virtually unapproachable by the press. But what he taught-and what Brett exemplifies-is worth repeating.



Lau began by realizing that while he could recognize a good swing, he had no idea what made one. At that time, in 1971, the Royals were the first to invest in state-of-the-art video equipment for their instructional school in Sarasota, since defunct. And Lau spent a good part of the next three years watching, replaying and slowing down swings. What he discovered was a revelation to him, and became formalized into what he called the 10 Absolutes of hitting, which Brett still carries in his back pocket, a litany he continues to repeat to himself each day. There are no particular secrets revealed in the 10 Absolutes, which are abstractions at best, and everybody who has played the game at any level has heard the general advice: "Don't try to hit a home run. Keep your eye on the ball. Hit the ball where it's pitched. Wait on the ball. Use the whole field. Relax!"

What Lau did was to give these cliches an analytical vocabulary, breaking down the swing into its constituent parts. Lau



had discovered that while the swings of all good hitters look highly individualized, when slowed down they revealed very similar mechanics. Among them, perhaps most surprising, was a rapid weight shift from a firm rigid back side to a firm rigid front side. The bat is cocked and brought forward the moment the front foot hits the ground, and these two motions in a good hitter never overlap. All unsuccessful hitters have a quick hip. Stepping and swinging are in fact distinct motions. Furthermore, no correct weight shift can occur unless the batter is moving rhythmically in his stance. There can be no relaxation or fluidity of swing with-

Lau also noticed that over the last 30

out this internally generated rhythm, and

the main reason that hitters appear to

have different swings can be traced to the

fact that they all have highly idiosyncratic

ways of generating this internal rhythm.

The essential problem for any hitter is

to overcome inertia and transfer weight

effortlessly.

years (during which major league batting averages dropped), hands tended to be held higher, and bats tended to be held more vertically, which required more body movement to get the hands to follow the step. For Lau this was the major contemporary blunder.

Second, Lau knew that in order to pull the ball with power it had to be met at least two feet out in front of the plate. But, he pointed out, your chances for contact would increase if you could wait until the ball was closer to the plate. All this flew in the face of conventional wisdom, particularly Ted Williams' "science" of hitting. What Lau's philosophy boiled down to was simply that the bat and body must be in the same plane, no matter where the ball is hit in the strike zone. If you tried to pull, you emphasized hip movement, and if you emphasized hip movement in pulling, the fine line between the distinct step and the swing would be broken.

Finally, Lau insisted that 94 percent of

# Trancelike concentration and the elusive trick of transferring weight.

all pitches were on the outside part of the plate. No one knows how he came up with that figure, and it is undoubtedly skewed by American League pitching strategies, where there is more breaking stuff and the hitter is not often challenged inside, but Brett confirms this: "Every team will start you with the breaking ball on the outside. Until you hit it hard the other way consistently, you'll never see a ball you can pull."

So "using the whole field" is not some arcane strategic technique—it becomes a virtue of necessity because you will never get pitches you can consistently hit for power until you establish your game on the outside of the plate. For this reason, in all but the most gifted, power comes with experience (one might say power comes with success from the outside of the plate on in) because if you hit consistently to the opposite field you will eventually get enough inside fastballs to up your home-run production. It is no accident that it took Brett three years in the majors to begin to hit with power.

Lau also learned something else from those interminable hours before the movies-that the swing as a learning process was so complicated, you could not start at the beginning of it any more than you could diagnose at the end of it, that the human mind was incapable of enduring the tedium necessary to retrace each step of the process. All you could do was break the motion down into coherent parts, refining the bad habits very gradually. It would take years.

"You had to give yourself over to him completely," Brett recalls a little ruefully. Lau chose in fact to treat hitters like addicts, to wait until their bad habits plunged them into a despair so profound that they would come to him willing to surrender. Both Brett and McRae had been mired well under .200 before they came to Lau, and their reform was a very gradual process.

nyone who reaches the major league level, even for a day, obviously has superior physical skills, but Brett showed nothing special in the minors with his .275 average with no power. Nor did he inspire any thrilled scouting reports. What one notices about Brett is that he is not gifted with great overall athletic skills. He has very minimal range, hard hands, a scatter arm and an embarrassing lifetime

fielding average of .951. (In 1983, the Royals allowed 4.13 runs per game without him in the lineup, as opposed to 4.92 with him.) Heavy-legged, he moves well only at full stride, and is in danger of hurting himself every time he slides. (The old Kansas City turf, replaced this year, was considered the hardest in either league and it has taken its toll.)

Brett found in Lau someone who gave him unconditional support when he was down, and also set realistic goals. "When I finally got to .240," he recalls, "he said I could hit .250. And that's the way we took everything. I never thought of myself as any more than a utility infielder." This is not false modesty. What Lau inherited in fact was the worst kind of Carl Yastrzemski imitation-very high hands, vertical bat, big stride, big hitch, long arc.

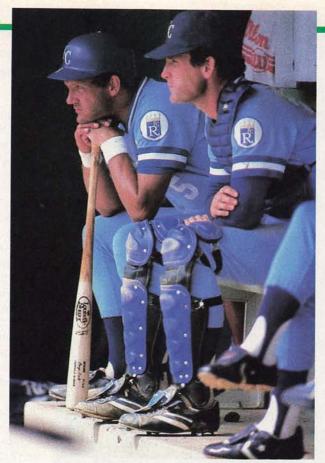
Brett exudes not uncanny natural abilities, but rather remarkable self-discipline and capacity for hard work. As he said of Carew, "I just got a bat, he's got a

wand." Or as Al Oliver said of him in '81, "The best white hitter I ever saw." Brett will say you can't hit if you think about it, but it's closer to the truth to say that he thinks about little else.

To watch him at work is to observe the opposite of the carefree swinger. Brett has accomplished what he has through a very gradual improvement (distorted by the remarkable 1980 season), in fact, the way most of us improve. As he has aged, his skills have diminished, but equally undramatically. If he had hit, say, .340 in '80 and not .390, his career would not have the bell curve that sticks in the public mind. And in the last four years the ability in the Royals' batting order around him has certainly diminished as well.

t is worth recalling that Brett's public image was a product of the late Seventies and the last burst of inflation, the irrational expectations of which have served neither him nor the country well. What we remember is the guy who was closing in on .400 in the midst of the usual dreary presidential campaign and the Iranian hostage situation.

It is revealing to listen to one of the older sportswriters talking during spring training, reminiscing about the .390 season of



Brett says you can't hit if you think about it; the truth is he thinks of little else.

1980. "George loved every minute of it; we all loved every minute of it. He ate all the attention up. Every day he had kids on the knee, did imitations, made fun of the presidential campaign, had an answer for every question. If you wanted a story on any other player you went to George first. Nobody was ever an easier interview...then his eyes..."

"God, you mean his eyes are going?" a young reporter broke in.

"No," said the seasoned sportswriter. "It's just seldom you get eye contact with George anymore."

Over the last few years Brett has displayed temper tantrums and even had physical altercations with reporters. In 1980 he was, in Whitey Herzog's estimation, "the best player in the game today," and better yet it was commonplace that "nobody ever had more fun playing the game." By 1982 Brett would state, "I don't like a lot of the things I have to do," which is what, if nothing else, most of us learn by age 30, but in sports remains a sacrilege. Brett was growing up, ungracefully at times. We like to attribute our heroes' excellence to God-given gifts, not to a jumbled learning process, because if discipline is a gift, then most of us can be excused for not having it.

The public relations skills have been let slide. Yet what remains striking about Brett is the extent to which he tries to overcome the inevitable boredom and suspicion that attends the relationship between the modern ballplayer and the media.

Brett remains extremely sensitive to his history of injuries. "I'm tired of people saying that I'm dogging it." This spring there was a new rash of speculations: He had lost so much weight that his swing was "weak," hitting .223-never mind that he had only 22 at-bats at the time. Brett insisted the weight had nothing to do with it, that the problem, as always, was a matter of fundamentals. He held his hands up in the batting stance, an imaginary bat brushing against his shoulder, demonstrating how he was committing his hands too soon. But the weight, 190, and the average, .220, were too much cause and effect for the media to pass up. After a year of calling him "chunky," the observation was "Lost Weight, Lost Swing," ig-

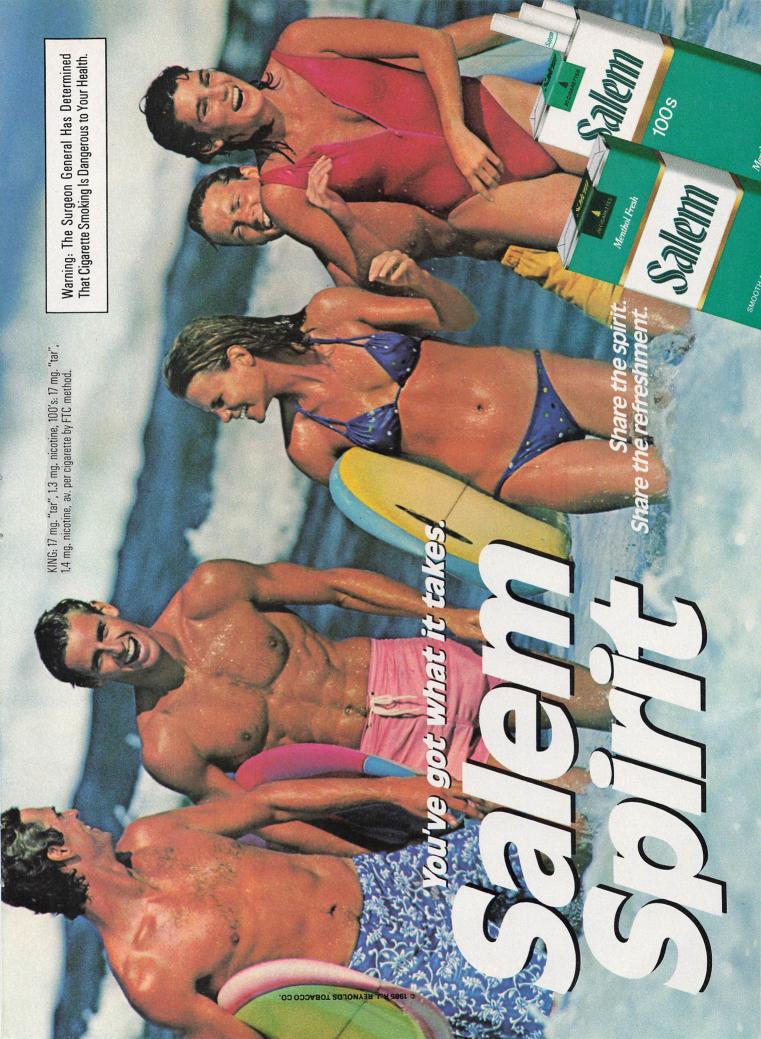
noring the little premature flick of the hands that does not a headline make. "Fundamentals," Brett shrugged resignedly, "we'll see who's right."

Brett's career has alternated between two stereotypes. At first we had this image of an outrageously gifted golden youth without a care in the world, who could hit .400 and had a nice word for everyone. And then we got the morose, overrated, overpaid, overweight, oversensitive, aging playboy.

It is somewhat closer to the truth that this is a man who came to the majors very young, with little fanfare, was fortunate to get exceptional coaching at the crucial time in his career and who made himself gradually into a first-rate hitter.

George Brett will never be the innocent kid again. He will not chase .400, and he may no longer "have an answer for every question" in the postgame interview. But he is a mature player in superb shape with a great deal to prove to himself. And now that he has seen the best and worst celebrity has to offer, he appears to be on the verge of a second wind.

Charles Newman wrote about Bruce Sutter's rehabilitation in the June '84 SPORT.



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# **GLOVE STORY**

A football player doesn't talk to his helmet. A hockey player doesn't cry over a broken stick. But don't ever try to separate a baseball player from his glove.

by Havelock Hewes

hey begin their careers stiffly. First they must loosen up, maybe drop some extra padding, then learn the fundamentals. Massages and unguents help along the way.

No tool in any sport is as personal or has as much personality as the baseball glove.

Rawlings claims that the typical cowhide yields enough premium quality leather, usually from the shoulder, for only one and a half professional model baseball gloves. The rest of the hide goes to make things like cheap belts and the baseball gloves we wear.

Psychics and lovers say they can tell a life's story by studying the hand. That can be said as easily of the glove. There are 650 stories in the major leagues. Here are 7 of them.

### THE OLD FRIEND

Chet Lemon's glove is worn and ripped. "I've had that glove for a long while," he says. "I don't even know how long. They stopped making that model six years ago, and I used it long before that."

On Lemon's able hand in center field it looks flashy. Lying in his locker it looks like a piece of ratty leather that a family of Dobermans has teethed on.

And it looks small. Lemon claims it was as big as other centerfielders' models when he got it but that outfielders' gloves have grown longer since then, leaving him with a dwarf. "The ones they make now are illegal," he says cheerfully. "But nobody pays any attention." The rule is that an outfielder's glove can measure no more than 12 inches, heel to top finger.

Lemon and glove have been together since the late Seventies. "I have eight more years on my contract," Lemon says reflectively, buttoning his jersey. "I hope it has eight more years in it."

### THE GREATEST OF EZE

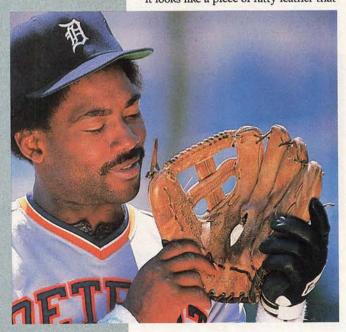
"When I came to the big leagues I came with a trapeze," says Ozzie Smith, the acrobatic shortstop. He is referring to the model of glove he wears, the Trap-Eze. Instead of a webbing between the thumb and forefinger, the leather of the palm extends upward into that space. It is what in the old days was called a "six-finger" glove. It is also larger than most infielders' gloves. Smith is very particular about this.

Defensive play is his specialty. He is the best shortstop, by consensus, in the game. He is also a student of gloves. In fact, he has a growing collection of antique baseball gloves at his home. "It's not a museum," he says. "Not yet." The Trap-Eze is his glove of choice.

"I started using it in junior high school," he says. And he played with the same one glove up to his rookie year with San Diego in 1978, when the pocket ripped out. He had kept the same glove because its manufacturer had discontinued the line. Ozzie Smith is normally easygoing, but now he was unhappy and he pro-

**Chet Lemon** with his pride and joy.

tested. "At that point," he says, "they said they could make the glove again. And shortly after that I won my first Gold



Glove. Now, in 1985, everybody is using the trapeze again."

The Tigers' Lou Whitaker is sold. He was leaning against the clubhouse door one day this spring waiting for the Cardinals to arrive for a spring training game. When asked why he seemed to be waiting so anxiously, he said, "I'm getting ready to get an Ozzie Smith glove today."

# THE GLOVE BUSTER

There are three catcher's mitts sitting on the bench next to Rich Gedman. They look alike, which is to say they look different in the same way. They are huge—50 percent larger than normal mitts, in fact—and mashed down on the top so that the line from thumb to pinky is flat.

It turns out the gloves were manufactured normally and that only a painstaking and systematic effort has deformed them so miserably.

"I just want you to know it wasn't me," says Gedman modestly. "I learned it from someone else—Jeff Newman." Newman was the Red Sox's reserve catcher, whom the Sox released this spring.

"A couple of years ago," says Gedman in a slow, flat Bostonese, "I went over and picked up his glove and it felt nice to me. I said, 'Geez, how do you do that?' And he says, 'Well, what I do is put it in water and beat it down with a bat. Then I tape two balls together, put them in the glove and tape the glove down over the balls and then let it dry out.' 'No kiddin'?' I said. I've been doing it ever since."

Gedman looks you in the eye as he says this. He means it. He points out that the glove maximizes the surface area with which to block a pitch in the dirt.

Do they last long this way?

"I don't keep them very long," he acknowledges, staring down at the ground. "I don't break them in very well."

What do you mean?

"Jeff has gloves for six or seven years sometimes," says Gedman, who caught in 125 games last season. "I don't have mine for that long. Mine rip out."

# THE JEALOUS HEART

"You put some handkerchief on my eyes," says shortstop Dave Concepcion, "and you give me everybody's glove in the clubhouse and I'll put my hand in it and I can tell you which one is mine."

That "feel" is fragile to Concepcion. "I let somebody wear my shoes, wear my uniform, use my hat," he says, "but I don't let nobody use my glove." He believes every hand, no matter how fleet-

Concepcion lets his fingers do the fielding.



ing the exposure, leaves an impression in the glove that challenges his own. "I don't want to be fighting someone else."

Concepcion is a tight, wary sort, but he wears his glove loose. The reason another hand can distort his glove is that the opening is small and Concepcion's own hand barely touches it. The glove is operated with the fingers. "If you have your whole hand in there," he explains, "you don't have the flexibility."

Of course, he adds, brightening, "Anyone can use my first baseman's glove."

### THE BORDER CRASHER

Look closely at the Blue Jays' shortstop. Tony Fernandez will be wearing a black glove. A cursory look and you will see the familiar "Rawlings" script. But look closer. It is spelled R-O-L-I-N-G-S and is accompanied by a hieroglyphic patch that attests to its alien nature.

The glove is Mexican and its kind is trickling through our southern borders. It's not the only import. Mizuno of Japan makes the most colorful models. Outfielder Tito Landrum, for instance, plays with black, blue and burnt orange Mizunos, all made of the same synthetic fabric as are bulletproof vests. But even they aren't as exotic as the Rolings.



Landrum:
Blue, black,
burnt
orange and
bulletproof.

A handful of minor leaguers have come back from Mexico with the glove that has stolen the Rawlings design but, it is claimed, has improved on the leather.

Fernandez brings the Rolings to the big show. Tony made contact with a man known to him only as "Jose" at the Caribbean Series last year and received what may be his last alien glove. "I'm breaking in another kind," says Fernandez. "I don't know if I'll be in touch with those people. I don't play in Mexico no more and the guy don't come over here."

# THE TASKMASTER

Dwight Evans is holding his "new" glove. It is a small glove for an outfielder, has an H-web (an open webbing with leather strips forming a grid) and is patched in one place and torn in another. It has never been used in a regular-season game, though it is three years old. "This one's just about ready," he says. "If I get a glove in spring training I'll use it in the infield, playing catch and taking fly balls. That glove won't be ready until the following spring." Then the glove has a spring training career of possibly many years before it sees a major league game.

He prefers the H-web because "it breaks in easier than most and you can see the ball in the pocket." But earlier in his career his throws from the outfield were occasionally hampered by the ball's rolling around in the pocket or, worse, sticking in the open webbing. "I put these in," he says, pointing to rawhide laces that he has tied across the strips of leather in the webbing. The laces, he discovered, kept the ball from rolling around and from getting snagged in the web.

Still, nothing replaces a long apprenticeship for a glove. "The gloves that break in fast are so flimsy and don't have any shape to them." Evans, 6-3 and one of baseball's best fielders, talks with a substantial air of authority.

"In '73-74 I had a record of 192 games of errorless ball. I'm proud of that because I take chances out there. I'm not afraid to make an error. Then someone stole my glove. At that point in my career I didn't have another glove ready. I played 10 games with one that was too new. Finally, in Chicago, I made two errors in one game and I was shaking," he says.

Evans will not be caught unprepared again. "I have yet to see a good fielder," he says, "who uses a glove that breaks in right away."

### THE NEXT-BEST THING

Most pitchers prefer a large glove, in order to have a greater chance to stop a ball bounding past them.

"I like a light, small glove," disagrees Mario Soto. What of a ball coming back at him? "I let the infield catch it."

Havelock Hewes is the host of a Manhattan cable TV show, New York Baseball.

# PITCHER COMES FENWAY

You're Roger Clemens. You've got a 96-mph fastball, but you're throwing it in home-run heaven. You're only 22, but everybody's been waiting for you. How do you feel?

by David Whitford

ourth down. Sixty yards to the end zone. Six ticks on the clock. Offense lines up in shotgun formation: flanker in the slot, receiver split wide. Hut (QB looks left). Hut (looks right). Hut-huthut! Blitz!

"Ohhhhh!"

QB rolls right, dumps off to the

"Fire it up!"

...who turns and heaves the ball downfield...

"Go get it!"

...into the arms of the receiver streaking to the post...

"Go, baby, go!"

... Touchdown! Referee scurries onto the screen, throws both arms straight overhead. Bleeps, blips, electronic fanfare, color explosion.

"Oh, sweetness." The player eases his grip on the joysticks. In the game just ended he has played his way from the first level of difficulty (high school) through level two (college) to level three (pros) and tallied the highest score ever recorded on this machine. Exulting, he punches in his initials: WRC-William Roger Clemens.

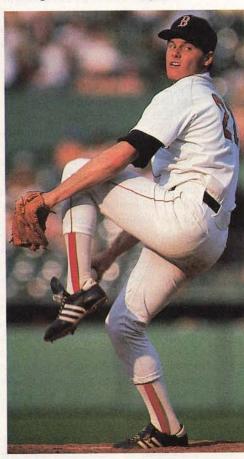
For Clemens, the ace righthander of the Red Sox, video games are a lot like life. His career has been a smooth ascent from one level of competition to the next, thunderous ovations at every step. At Spring Woods High in Houston he was all-state. At San Jacinto Junior College and later at the University of Texas he was all-America. Then he was chosen in the first round of the June 1983 draft.

One day he was winning the final game of the College World Series against Alabama, the next he was a rookie pro in Winter Haven, Florida. Four starts, 36 strikeouts and no walks later he was on his way to New Britain, just in time for the Eastern League (Double A) championship series. He got the call in the final game, and delivered a three-hit shutout.

The next May, he was called up to Boston from Pawtucket and notched his first win, in June his first complete game, in July his first shutout, and on August 21 he struck out 15 Royals (0 walks) to set a club record for rookies and nail down the AL pitcher of the month award. Bleeps. Blips. Color explosion.

Now Clemens is in his first full season in the major leagues. There is no higher level, no next step. It would be perfect if he could punch in his initials and go home. But now comes the hard part. Clemens is a pitcher in Fenway Park, a power pitcher in a ballpark that has never been kind to his breed. And he is a raw 22-year-old who will have to learn as he goes. Because there's one more thing: the Red Sox are depending on him.

or years the Red Sox have hobbled along on half their cylinders, terrorizing the rest of the league with



their bats, then being terrorized in turn as soon as they took the field. Now suddenly, the Red Sox are pitcher-rich—Bruce Hurst, Dennis (Oil Can) Boyd and Al Nipper in the starting rotation and Bob Ojeda in the bullpen are all, like Clemens, products of the farm system, and none is yet 28 years old.

But Clemens is the jewel: only 22, a full 6-4, 205, with a 96-mph fastball. "The best young righthander to come into the league in a long time," says one scout. "Blessed with Robert Redford looks and a Robert Feller arm [126 strikeouts in 1331/3 innings last year]," writes one sportswriter. Ed Kenney, the Red Sox's director of player development, still can't get over his good fortune at finding Clemens available after 18 players had been chosen in the draft. "It baffles me as to why there wouldn't be more in-

terest in a guy who throws as hard as he does and still gets the ball over," says Kenney.

Anybody can see that Clemens is blessed. But Clemens doesn't see it. It's not that he didn't want to wake up and find himself pitching in the big leagues. That was his dream. It's just that real life has outpaced anything he could ever imagine. Life had been pulling him along and he had gone almost reluctantly. Then the Red Sox started pulling.

Like the morning Ed Kenney knocked unexpectedly on his hotel door. Clemens had been a pro all of three weeks, and when he peered through the peephole and saw Kenney's big cigar, he panicked. What had he done wrong? Nothing, of course. Kenney was there to tell him he had been promoted to Double A. My God, that was almost worse. "I was scared to death," Clemens says. "I didn't know if I should go. I ran out to the mall and called my mom."

Then, Boston called him up to get a look at Fenway Park. "They said they had a surprise for me. I walk in there and they had a locker and a uniform for me, my number and everything. They just let me dress out, sit in the dugout, do whatever I wanted for the last few weeks of the season. I was just like a little kid again. I couldn't believe it."

And, soon after, it was time for him to show what he could do, to make them proud. "They didn't want me going over



Robert Redford looks and a Robert Feller arm. It's enough to make a man worry about his future.

scouting reports before a game because they thought I might aim the ball, instead of just airing it out the way I can. So I wasn't paying any attention to who was on the other team. Oakland was playing us at home. After a punchout, I turned around with my back to the plate and then I heard, 'Now batting, Joe Morgan.' I went, 'Joe Morgan? He plays for the A's?' Like I didn't even know he was with Oakland. I turn around and there he is. He's twitching, you know. Arm flapping. I'm thinking, 'Oh God,' so I step off. I'm thinking, 'Man, this guy is Big Red Machine. I know this guy.'

"I was squeezing the laces right through the ball, trying to do well."

Clemens always has tried to do well. He just hasn't been as sure of the outcome as everyone around him. He says it was "fun" the first couple of weeks after he got drafted by Boston, but "there was this thing: Was I going to spend my life in A or Double A till I'm 27 or 28, trying to get to the big leagues? I had to make a stand quick." He did, of course, but each success brought more demands. The thrill of striking out 10 in a bigleague game was followed by the feeling that he ought to do that every time out. He worries a lot. "Sometimes," says his wife, Debbie, "he seems so old."

t's not that Clemens isn't excited. It's just that he's still not sure he can trust his talent. This year he faces what he

knows to be "my biggest test, because hopefully I'll spend a full year up here and go the whole way." He's still not sure.

Maybe it's just because he's so new to all this. Dwight Gooden has unnatural poise for someone just three years out of high school, but he had stardom written all over him even then. It was only four years ago that Roger Clemens woke up one morning and realized how good he could be.

Clemens is a big man, big and strong enough to climb up into his new GMC Sierra with the "Sox-21" license plate and still look like he is the dominant partner. But he is not a "natural." As a junior at Spring Woods High School, "he was just a big overweight kid," says Charlie Miorana, his baseball coach. "He had trouble bending over to field ground balls. So Miorana sent Clemens to see

Robert Boston, a trainer whose New Breed Clinic in Houston specializes in "creating a new breed of athletes."

Doc Boston prescribed a no-weights program that included "a little aerobics, dynamic tension, isometrics, isotonics, yoga, a little of everything." But the key is the abdomen, hence situps. "The abdominal muscles are the guy-wires to the back," he says. "The stronger they are, the stronger the back, and strength generated there extends up and down the body. Roger's push and power comes from the thighs, but to get the most out of the thighs, the abdominal muscles have to kick in first."

In time, Clemens began adding miles per hour to his fastball. "Given Roger's ability, with maximum muscle tone and flexibility, the speed is automatic," Boston says. "About five weeks into his freshman season at San Jacinto it all hit, and instantaneously he went from a mediocre pitcher to an all-America pitcher."

Doc counseled his charge to keep his distance from wine, women ("You want to keep your distance for, oh, 27 hours before performance") and song (the critical sleeping hours are from 11 P.M. to 3 A.M.). He recommended keeping a daily log. In his, Clemens writes down how much he throws, how far he runs, any unusual foods he eats, all with the idea of discovering a pattern that will lead to consistent success.

Doc, who directs Clemens' off-season

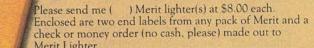


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workouts, says Roger may yet grow another inch and be able to throw even faster. "We talked about what I felt he could eventually throw," he says. "We set down a theoretical plan of where he would be at what time. And he hasn't been a halfmile off all through the 5 years. Realistically, I think he should occasionally be throwing over 100 miles per hour this year, and I think he's got 10 or 12 years of 100-mile-per-hour fastballs to come."

s a power pitcher in Fenway Park, Clemens is practically starting his own tradition. In fact, while 22 different Red Sox sluggers have hit .300 in the last 35 years, only 5 pitchers have won 20 games: Mel Parnell, Bill Monbouquette, Jim Lonborg, Luis Tiant (3 times) and Dennis Eckersley. And not one of them was a power pitcher.

When Clemens dreamed about pitching in the big leagues, he saw himself in the Astrodome or Arlington Stadium, both nice parks for pitchers. Fenway, well sure, he'd seen it on TV. But he had no idea. "I thought the taxi driver went the wrong way. He said, 'This is it,' but I thought he was crazy. It was just an old brick building, looked like a warehouse. I told him again I wanted to go to Fenway Park. He said, 'This is it, fella, get out.'"

Then Clemens walked into the clubhouse. "All the other pitchers were telling me, 'Go look at the Wall, go look at the Wall.' I went out there and I looked at it. It looked far and it looked huge. It looked a lot farther than it was. Every day I went out there for batting practice it got closer and closer."

One day it happened: The Wall, all of 37 feet high, but only 315 feet away in left field, stood up and introduced itself. "Dave Kingman was batting," Clemens says. "I had a 2-2 count on him. Threw him a fastball inside and he broke his bat almost in two. There were two outs and I was headed for the dugout. He was kind of jogging down to first, expecting the third out. Jimmy [Rice] went back for it, kept going and going, and it hit the fat part of the wall, the very top, and went into the net. The guy didn't even stride. He didn't even step. He just turned and the ball went out of the park." Lesson one: Welcome to Fenway Park.

Lesson two: Welcome to the big leagues. There comes a time in a pitcher's life when he is confronted with the suspicion that whatever talent carried him to the top may not be enough to keep him there. For Clemens, it followed the realization that his 96-mph fastball was hittable.

"I thought the taxi driver was crazy. It was just an old brick building, looked like a warehouse. I told him again I wanted to go to Fenway Park."



"You can ask my mom, you can ask anybody," Clemens says, "the guy I was waiting for was Reggie Jackson. Well, here the Angels were coming in. My brother flew in to see the game. He always told me, 'You're going to strike out the big-namers once or twice, but don't try to strike them out the third time because they'll rise to the occasion.'

"So Reggie comes up the first time and I punch him out on three pitches. I'm thinking about the World Series I watched him in, and here I was, pitching to Reggie. He comes up with two men on and I punch him out again and he's flinging his bat away and stuff. Comes up the third time, there's a man on first and we're down 1-0. I get a 2-2 count on him and...I should have run him outside. I challenged him. And he took me outta there. I look up in the stands and there's my brother with his arms wide open."

Clemens' next start was at the Kingdome, where the lowly Mariners rocked him for four runs on eight hits before he was lifted in the third. It was his third unsuccessful start in a row, the low point of the season. "Clemens could have gone into the tank then," says Gordon Lakey, American League scout for the Houston Astros, "but he didn't do it. It's a credit to him and to his ability to adjust. That's the key between a big-league player and a guy who doesn't stay very long."

The adjustment, says Clemens, came down to this: "In the big leagues, 80 percent of pitching is confidence, 10 percent is being cocky and the other 10 is just having a clue. You can't try and blow everybody away 'cause you're gonna get hurt that way. That's what happened to other players on the team—they got sent down 'cause they let their minds get away from the game. I just try and take note of that."

Clemens got his first major league shutout in his next start and went on to win six in a row. Then on August 31 against the Indians, he had struck out seven through three-and-two-thirds innings when his forearm stiffened and he had to leave the game. It turned out to be his last appearance of the season. By the time the arm healed, the Sox were already out of it and weren't taking any chances.

Clemens is standing in a sporting goods store, on one leg, like a drum major waiting for a downbeat. On the wall above is a poster of Tom Seaver. "I'm almost the same," he says, unlocking his motion. "Except I don't fly right here," and he throws his glove arm out in a wide arc, like Seaver, and completes his delivery. "I get down here," he says, repeating the motion but thrusting down and back with his glove arm as he releases an imaginary ball. The effect is of a lever, with the fulcrum at the trunk.

But he's right, he is almost like Seaver. The work ethic. The study of pitching mechanics. Early in his career Clemens picked up Seaver's low, driving delivery, which demands more of the leg and saves wear on the arm.

But Seaver's biggest gift to Clemens may be the pitch he taught him when Bill Fischer, the Red Sox's pitching coach who spent five years in Cincinnati, introduced them this year in spring training. Clemens always threw a two-seam fastball, gripped straddling the signature on top of the seams. Seaver showed him how to rotate the ball 45 degrees to the right or left and grip it across the seams so that when it spins, four lines of stitching instead of two bite the air. Scouts last year said Clemens' fastball had a tendency to level out. Clemens hopes the new grip will help. "I can throw this four-seamer harder and it's going to jump and do all kinds of things," he says.

The Red Sox also say Clemens reminds them of Seaver. Are they excited? Ask Bill Fischer. "He's bigger than Seaver and bigger than Ryan. We had Soto at Cincinnati and he had a fastball and a change-up, but this kid, he's got a forkball, he's got a slider, he's got a curveball and he's got a fastball...he's got two fastballs..."

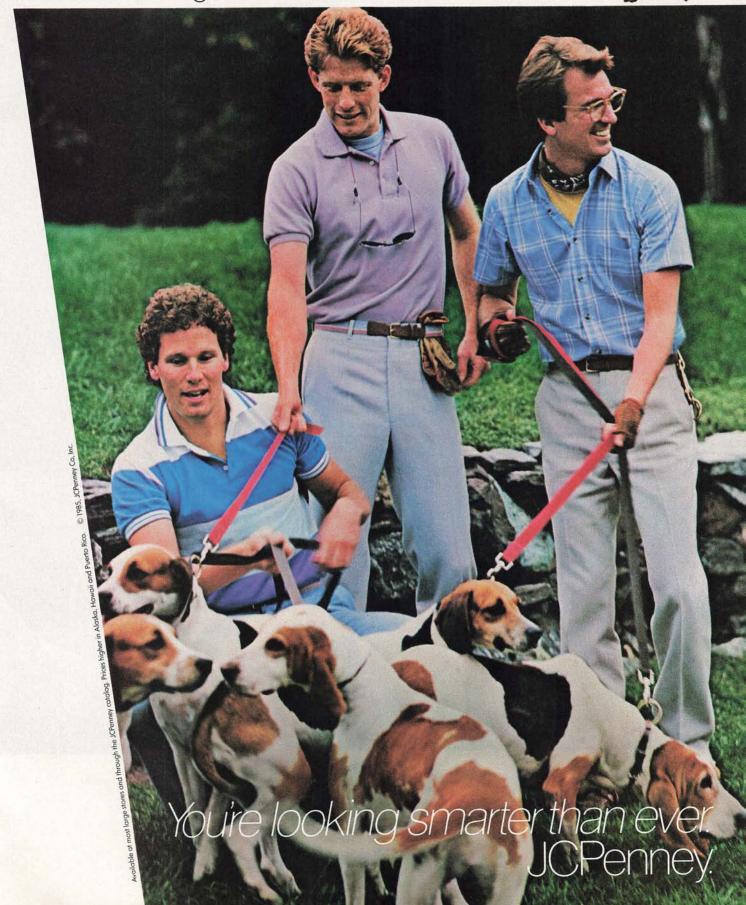
Is Roger Clemens convinced? Well, no. He's "still trying to decide whether I have a strong enough future to make a down payment on a house."

Clemens' teammates know better. "This is your world, Tex," they keep telling him. "We're just living in it."

Bleeps. Blips. Electronic fanfare. \*

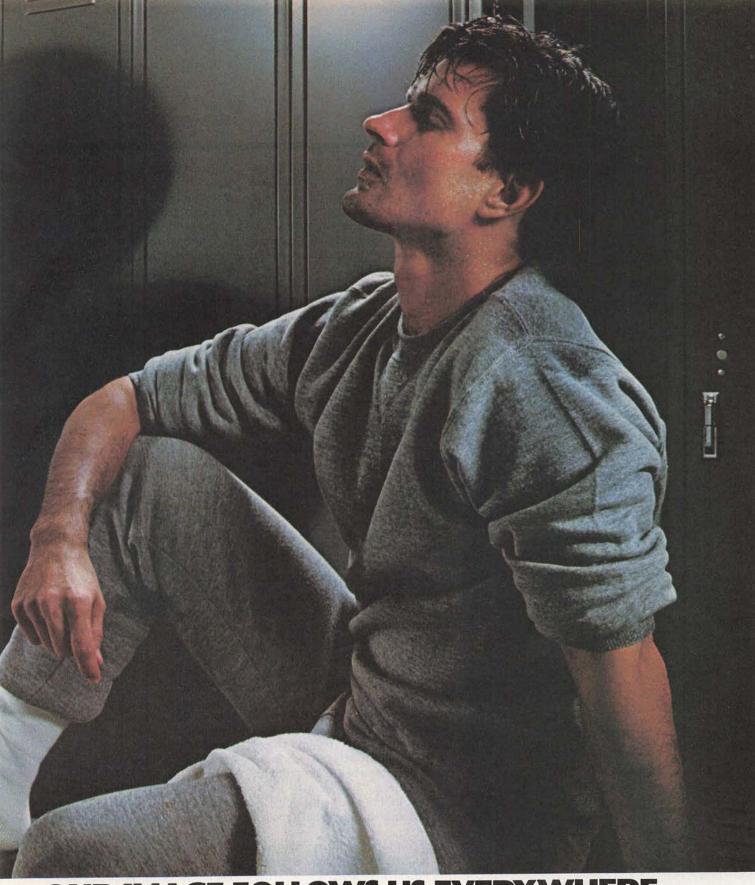
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To his peers, Jack Clark is a superstar. To the public, he's a mystery man. And that's just fine with him.

by Harry Stein

# HERO **HIDING**

he two old guys from Hannibal, Missouri, Cardinals fans since the days of the Gashouse Gang and team critics for almost as long, gaze out toward right field in Al Lang Stadium, where this year's squad is in the midst of a calisthenics drill.

"Look at 'em, Ray," says the one in the blue knit shirt. "They make 'em bigger every year, don't they?"

"Bigger," replies the one in the St. Louis cap, "and faster. You seen that kid Vince Coleman yet, George? I hear he stole something like 250 bases in two minor league seasons. And he won't even make the club."

"Sure, they can run," nods George. "The problem is the bullpen." He shakes his head. "How the hell could they let Bruce Sutter get away? How you gonna make up 45 saves? They're so damned stupid I can't believe it."

"But how about the Clark deal?" notes Ray, obviously the optimist of the two. "That one's a steal for us. He's one helluva ballplayer, Jack Clark."

"It's true," concedes George, "he's always murdered the Cardinals."

"Sure, Busch Stadium is made for a guy like that. Line-drive hitter, goes to all fields. And he should hit more out than anyone since Richie Allen back in '70."

His companion thinks that over. "It's true." He stops. "But, then, there's a problem with Clark. He's a griper."

Ray turns and stares out toward right field; the players have concluded their exercises and are dispersing in all directions. "I know that."

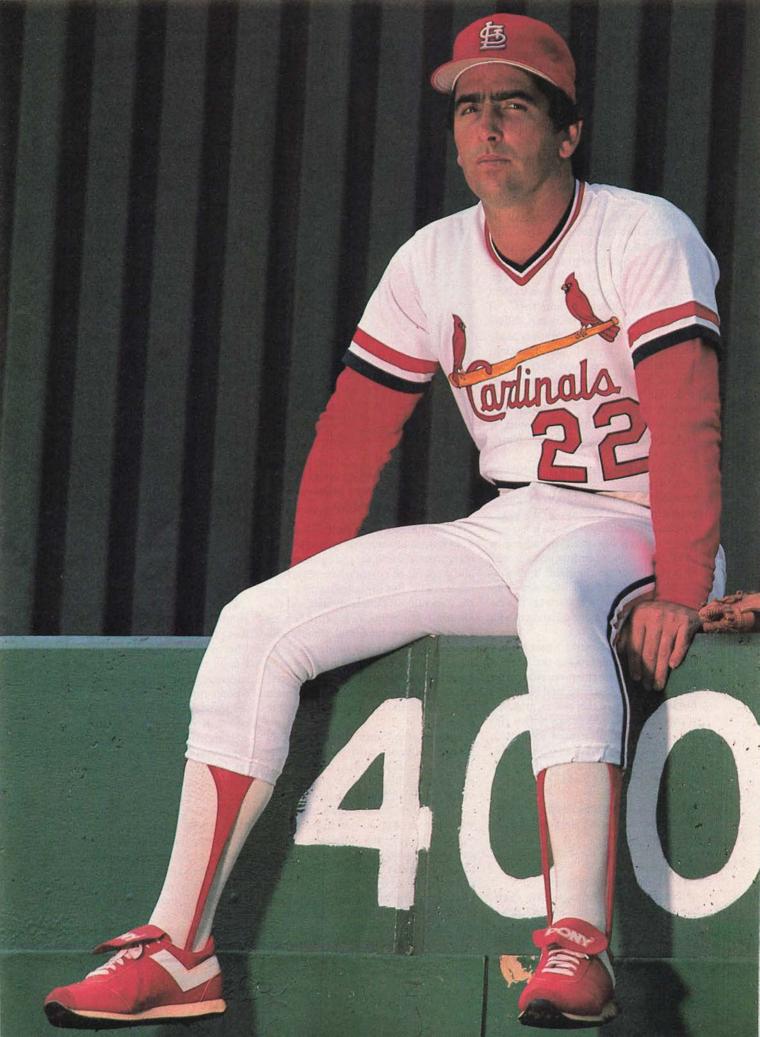
"Sure he'll be good for the club. Until he finds something to bitch about."

e is a curious case, this Jack Clark. At 29, the man has been an extremely productive big-leaguer for eight full seasons, and he enjoys vast respect among his peers. "I've played with some great players, the Roses, the Benches," says Joe Morgan, Clark's teammate with the Giants in

1982, "and Jack belongs in the same group." "Jack Clark is the best-kept secret in the game," says John Montefusco, who labored in San Francisco for seven chilly seasons. "Before he's through, he'll be a household name." "He's one of those guys who likes to hit against the best pitchers," observes Whitey Herzog, his new manager.

Moreover, departing the unfriendly confines of Candlestick-particularly for Busch Stadium and the Cardinals-is certain to make Clark an even more potent offensive threat. Blessed with the quickest wrists this side of Henry Aaron and excellent power, he has nonetheless been plagued by pitifully slow starts throughout his career, and rarely has been at the top of the league leaders lists; both due, at least in part, to the rigors of playing in the Icebox by the Bay and habitually finding himself unprotected in a weak Giants lineup. The Cardinals, on the other hand, not only perform in the heat but on Monsanto, a surface seemingly designed with Clark in mind (in the one season the Giants played on artificial surface, 1978, he hit 29 points above his career average and his doubles total jumped from 17 to 46). And they feature an offense that last year produced a club record 220 stolen bases and included five players with more than 20 steals apiece. When broadcaster Tony Kubek is asked what kind of 1985 he anticipates from the Cardinals' new cleanup hitter, he just snorts. "You think he's gonna get a few fastballs to hit with all those bunnies on the bases? And Jack Clark can smoke a fastball." "The Cardinals know they got a good player," as Joe Morgan puts it, "but I don't think they understand how good."

And yet, for all of that, the man remains, even among knowledgeable fans, as famous for his mouth-for his recurrent criticism of the Giants' front office and, even more so, his running feud by headline with ex-manager Frank Robinson—as for his good bat and steady glove. Indeed, from a dis-



tance, his behavior has often seemed erratic, childish, intemperate. On the very weekend that Robinson was in Cooperstown for induction into the Hall of Fame, to cite one memorable example, Clark was quoted to the effect that the manager's absence was good for the team.

But those who know Clark even moderately well regard the general perception of him as out-and-out caricature. His exteammates on the Giants, his new ones on the Cardinals, players throughout the league see him as a decent and sober fellow devoted to the concept of team and possessed of that most prized of baseball traits-character. "Jack Clark is a winner," says Pete Rose, "and it can be hard to be a winner in a losing situation." "If Clark is a head case," Herzog says, "there must be about 400 other players ready for the insane asylum." "San Francisco has a real tough press," says Gary Lavelle, rescued by the Blue Jays after more than a decade with the Giants. "It's hard enough to play this game without having to put up with that kind of stuff. If Jack's grown a little touchy—well, maybe there's a reason for it."

This last is a particularly intriguing observation. For it happens to be an increasingly important aspect of contemporary sports, this business of an athlete's relationship with the press, yet it remains one of the least discussed. Quite simply, rarely these days is stardom just a matter of performance on the field; it also involves cultivating the right image—performing in interview situations, the capacity to handle a loaded question as well as a wicked slider.

As all the world knows, some guys—the Roses, the McGraws, the Monte-fuscos—relish press attention, even thrive on it; and they are treated well in return. But it just might be that others, moodier, or more private, or less ready with a glib line, or too candid for their own good, or a curious amalgam of all of the above, pass entire careers getting less than a fair shake on the sports pages.

Two hours after the calisthenics drill, the two old guys spot Clark loping toward the dugout.

"Hey, Jack, sign the ball?" No answer.

"Hey, Jack, sign the ball?"

"Not right now," he says softly, clambering into the dugout. He sits down heavily on the bench and, intense and unsmiling, stares out toward the batting cage, where his teammates are taking their cuts.



Clark sees himself as a line-drive hitter with power. "Don't expect 40 home runs; 25 you can take to the bank."

In my time at the Cardinals' camp I have spoken to a number of Clark's new teammates about him, and his manager, and a couple of coaches, and players on other teams. But my conversations with the man himself have been brief and disjointed. Admittedly, this is partly because Clark appears to have innumerable obligations. But, too, every time a conversation seems to be heading somewhere, every time he edges toward a confidence, he has seemed to catch himself and lapsed into generalities. Or cut off the dialogue entirely.

Now, on the bench, I try again. We discuss the knee injury that ended his 1984 season in June after his best start ever; and his frustration at the reaction to the injury in San Francisco.

"See, at first nobody even believed I was hurt. It was one of those things where it kept feeling worse and worse, and no one could figure out why. People thought I wasn't playing because I was sitting on my average." He pauses. "In a way, I was almost glad once I'd had the operation. At least people couldn't look at me like I was lying."

I ask who, exactly, he is referring to. One can almost hear the self-protective mechanism click on. "Well, it's just some conflicting doctors' reports and stuff. Just a little bit of everything, I guess."

"What did the team doctors say?"

"Well, you know, doctors get upset when you're getting second or third opinions. And then people start to think you're a troublemaker."

"Front-office people?"

"I'm just grateful for my attorney, Tom Reich. He believed there was something wrong."

As usual, Clark has been speaking softly, with little expression. But now he looks at me directly, adding with surprising intensity, "There's only a few people I trust. And he's one of them."

"Well," I observe, "obviously it was the right decision."

He leans forward intently. "Because when it comes right down to it, no one really cares if you're out of baseball but you. You know what they'd say—'I remember him, he used to be able to hit."

"What," I ask a moment later, "do you make of Dan Gladden?" The reference is to the 27-year-old rookie who replaced Clark in the Giants' outfield after the injury—and proceeded to quietly put together a .351, 31-stolen-bases season.

"He was one of those guys who for a long time was his own worst enemy. He's a little guy, but he kept trying to impress people by hitting for power. That's the thing you've got to learn about this game, not to try and do more than you're capable of:"

"Is that something you had to learn?" He nods. "That, and not worrying about what other people think. The thing that's always said about me is that I haven't lived up to my potential. Well, I don't even know what my potential's supposed to be. People talk about me as a home-run hitter. That just isn't how I see myself. I'm a line-drive hitter with power. If you're counting on me to hit 40 home runs, you're probably not gonna get it. But if you're looking for 25, you can take it to the bank. There's a lot of fantasy in baseball. People expect things that aren't there."

"The way people are talking about the Mets now?"

"No, they're a real good team. That Gooden is a tremendous talent." Clark pauses, then adds, as an admiring afterthought, "It seems like he's really handled the press. He doesn't ever speak out, just does what he does."

"It seems that Carter's the one who courts the press on that club. I mean, even Andre Dawson describes him as a glory hound."



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Where miracles never cease

"Not just Dawson, Pete Rose!" Clark shakes his head. "It's amazing to me that guys can say something like that about someone and it's forgotten, when much less important things I said in San Francisco were dragged through the gutter." He stops and actually allows himself a small smile. "It's just nice to be out. And finally to be playing in a ballpark that's fair to me. And here, you got someone who's in charge."

"That sounds like a reference to Frank Robinson."

Visibly, he stiffens. "No, it is not a reference to Robinson. It has nothing to do with him or any other manager. It was just different over there, that's all."

And an instant later, just like that, the interview is over. "I gotta do something," Clark offers by way of explanation. And he is gone.

A fter a while it can get tiresome, this business of trying to corner a reluctant athlete. "Say, Jack," I suggest the next afternoon, "can we lay out a block of time, with no interruptions?"

He gives me a curt nod. "Tomorrow morning at nine."

The day dawns stormy—we're talking buckets here—and, on the assumption the day's workout will be washed out, the Cardinals players straggle into the lockerroom later than usual.

At last Clark shows at about 10, ducking into the lockerroom only momentarily before heading in the direction of the trainer's room. By now there is a second reporter awaiting him; also, he tells me, by prearrangement. We wait together. Ten minutes. Fifteen. At last I go in search of our subject.

"Clark?" says the assistant trainer, surprised. "He left a long time ago."

I am sorely tempted to cut my losses right here. That I resist the impulse is due only to something that Clark's friend and fellow born-again Christian Gary Lavelle has told me, something that, even in the vastness of my irritation, strikes me as plausible: that, for those who invest the time to know him, Clark is about as solid as they come.

The following morning, when Clark wheels into the parking lot at Al Lang Stadium, I am waiting for him.

"What happened yesterday?"

"What do you mean?"

"We were supposed to get together, weren't we?"

He has been walking briskly, but now he stops. "It was raining. I spent the day with my family." A long pause. "Sorry."



Big-league obligations run against Clark's shy nature. "Everybody's always asking for something," he says.

"You seem pretty shy," I note, inside the clubhouse. "Is that how you think of yourself?"

Again, it takes him a while to answer. "Yes."

"It must be tough, given all the obligations that go with being a major leaguer."

"You do recede a bit. Everybody's always asking for something." He pauses. "I don't want anybody to know anything about me unless I trust them. Some people are just good politicians and some people aren't. And I guess the ones who are get along better."

"Does that bother you?"

He shrugs and reaches for his jersey. "You learn to handle it. Eventually you learn to handle everything. Being around veterans helps. That's something that's being lost in baseball now, with all these big contracts, the respect young guys used to have for veterans. I hate to see it."

I smile. "This is the rebellious Jack Clark?"

He does not smile back. "Listen, I was never rebellious; a lot of things I've said got twisted around, that's all. When I talked about the importance of veterans after Joe Morgan got traded, the headlines were 'Clark Rips Team.' It's like no one was even listening." He shakes his head bitterly. "The garbage the press out there pulled out of their trick bag was unbelievable. Sometimes when they'd talk to you, they wouldn't even have a tape recorder or a note pad. They'd just sit there and ask a real stupid question and

not even look at you while you answered it. And the next day in the paper the guy would have two columns, word for word, of what you said." He snorts. "I guess the guys out there are so good they don't need a tape recorder."

It is as if a dam has burst. There's no stopping him now.

"...And when you asked them about it they'd act all hurt. 'Hey,' they'd say, 'we're professionals at what we do, too.' But what would the fans know? Every day they're reading that you're no good, that you make too much money, that they should get rid of you, and they believe it." He stops, seeming to make a conscious effort to rein himself in. "Listen, I don't mind if I have a lousy day and people write about it. Fine." He stops again. "Sometimes I wish I could only talk to the people I trust."

"Tell me about the Frank Robinson business."

"To be honest, we're similar personalities-quiet and intense, and we both have a tendency to say what's on our mind. So for a while we were uncomfortable with each other. But it was whipped into something it shouldn't have been. By the end, I had a lot of respect for the guy. He's a real smart baseball man. He's just perceived in the wrong way, as a real hard person, a troublemaker. It's like with me, when you find out who he is, there's no problem. Getting there is the problem."

Another part of Robinson's problem, to Clark's mind, had to do with the Giants' organization itself; an organization so crippled by mismanagement and negativism that no one as committed to achievement as Robinson could ever have prospered within it. "He's a winner. To stand by and watch the scene out there, I know it just tore him up inside."

"The decline of that franchise is a real shame," I observe. "Back in New York, the Giants had a magnificent tradition."

"Well," he replies, "they should have kept their ass right there."

He is nearly suited up now. "Excuse me, I've got to get out to the field now." He stands and puts his Cardinals cap on his head. "But that's the past. I'm just looking forward now to playing baseball and getting dirty."

"You think you'll get along okay with the press in St. Louis?"

"It's sure better to have them on your side than against you." Slowly, he starts walking toward the field. "I'm trying." \*

Harry Stein wrote about Andre Dawson in the September '84 SPORT.



Motorcraft







The pitching rotation is baseball's most curious game-withinthe-game, riddled with theory and folly. Herein, some light from a good source.

by Tim McCarver

# SEARCH PERFECT **ORDER**

In his 21-year major league career as a catcher, Tim McCarver handled pitchers with names like Gibson. Carlton and Kaat. This is the third SPORT article by McCarver, who is now a broadcaster for the New York Mets and ABC-TV.

hen I think about the great teams of the late Sixties and early Seventies, I think primarily about their pitching. The Orioles and Palmer, Cuellar and McNally. The Dodgers and Koufax, Drysdale and Osteen. All of those teams had four or five quality pitchers who worked effectively in a set rotation. Never was there much juggling within those groups; they stayed basically the same from the start of the season until the

Naturally, every manager would like to have a starting rotation of Nolan Ryan, Bob Gibson, Steve Carlton and Sandy Koufax to work with. But without that opportunity, the trick is to find a group of starters who will complement each other and give you the maximum number of innings so that the bullpen is pushed back to where it's supposed to be: closing the whole deal in the eighth and ninth innings-not in the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth.

The key is to create a balance in your rotation, like that established by the Indians' staff of Early Wynn, Bob Lemon, Bob Feller and Mike Garcia in the late Forties and early Fifties. But rarely are quality pitchers like that available on one ballclub, so the trick is to make the starters that you do have fit into a pattern that makes the most of their abilities.

# THE ROTATION CORPORATION

A pitching staff can be read like an organizational chart of a corporation. There is a chairman of the board, a president and many, many vicepresidents. Your third, fourth and fifth starters are your vice-presidents, your second is your president. But a staff of pitchers can only become a successful rotation if they have that one chairman of the board to give them their identity.

The difference between a pitching staff and a rotation is that a rotation revolves around a No. 1 man who can take the pressure off of the other pitchers. The young pitchers on the Cincinnati Reds, for example, will have an easier time developing because they know that every fourth or fifth day Mario Soto will be coming in there. Soto's presence gives the Reds' rotation a credibility that every team needs.

Now, a manager doesn't go right up to the guy and say, "You're going to be our stopper," because the guy will put too much of a burden on himself, thinking he has to do everything. Sure, you are building around the guy, but his placement is understood on a staff. It's implied, it's an inherent responsibility.

If you can't discern whether a guy is No. 1 or not, it's a good bet that the staff is in trouble. In fact, you'll have a staff and not a rotation if you don't have that guy to stop the swoon. I think that's one reason why Jack Mc-Keon of the Padres acquired LaMarr Hoyt before this season. Eric Show had been considered the stopper in '84, but his 15-9 on an offensive club like that gave that group the look of an amalgam of pitchers. And with a staff rather than a rotation, the lifespan of a pennant winner becomes that much shorter. The Padres' success last year wasn't a fluke, but until they develop a rotation, they can't think of contending in the National League over a long period of time.

# NO. 1-THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

While the setup of any rotation depends upon that strong presence in the No. 1 role, it is a mistake to assume that that presence can be established on talent alone. That No. 1 is going to be given every opportunity to stay in a game until the end (after all, he was made No. 1 because of his ability to throw dominating stuff and finish the deal), so he has got to have a special pride. Look at Fernando Valenzuela; that guy is probably the proudest No. 1 in the world. I've never seen as proud a walk. Even a person who's not a baseball fan could walk into Dodger Stadium, watch Fernando



work, watch him walk off the mound and know that there is something special about that man.

Sometimes the mistake is made that this type of pride isn't necessary in a No. 1 starter. I remember when the Cardinals went into Pittsburgh late in 1964 to play 5 games in three days with the Pirates. There were 10 games to go in the season and four teams were within 2 games of each other so everyone was checking out each other's box scores. But Bob Friend, who was 13-18 with 2 starts left, didn't want to face us. He as much as told people, "I'm not losing 20 games." Now think of the consequences of that. This man was the Pirates' top pitcher, and in a key series he elected to have someone else do his job. The Phillies, who finished 1 game back to the Cardinals that year, did not forgive him.

Milt Pappas was known for the same attitude once he got traded to Cincinnati. He'd get migraine headaches when the Cardinals came to Crosley Field, and his head would mysteriously get better when a weaker offensive team came to town. This man was supposed to be their ace, but he took the approach of "convenient dependability"—dependability when the

elements were with him, not when he was on the firing line.

Never would a Drysdale or a Gibson (who had a saying, "So it hurts, it's supposed to hurt when you throw that hard") take that kind of attitude. And that's vital, because that type of behavior can filter down to the rest of the staff.

There is a drawback to this type of stubborn pride in a No. 1. It doesn't foster longevity. Branch Rickey was one of the first to realize that. Mr. Rickey used to say that "when your No. 1 guy goes, he goes in a hurry." The reason is that because he has been such a dominating pitcher for a long period of time it's tougher for an aging No. 1 to adjust to the role of the No. 3 or No. 4 starter. It's a difficult thing for the ego. Sandy Koufax retired at 30. Is a mediocre Steve Carlton enough? In his own mind his standards are so high that even when he has a pretty good year, people believe he is on the way out.

### NO. 2—THE PRESIDENT

When I think of a No. 2 pitcher, Bill Gullickson of the Expos comes to mind. Although you need a certain amount of dependability from that role (and Gul-

lickson is the enigma of enigmas), it is more important that he has the type of stuff that has you saying, "Damn it, until you go 1-25 you're going to be my No. 2."

A No. 2 must also be efficient and able to stop a skid if your No. 1 has failed. What can sometimes make a No. 2 more effective is the ability to vary the pace, to throw something different at a team than what the No. 1 showed them. As an example, the Cardinals' staff back in the late Seventies had too many starting pitchers who all threw about the same way with the same type of stuff. So when either Bob Forsch, John Denny or John Fulgham got you out, you were still learning how to hit the next guy.

That is not a worry of the current Astros' staff, however. With Nolan Ryan and Joe Niekro throwing one-two, the change of speeds works very effectively. A knuckleballer like Niekro can mess up a hitter's timing to begin with, but having him come on the heels of a Ryan has got to make him even more difficult to handle.

# NOS. 3,4,5—THE VICE-PRESIDENTS

Don't get me wrong; it also matters what kind of stuff your 3, 4 and 5 starters have.



But equally important is their ability to supply fiber to the rotation.

A guy like Walt Terrell, who's now with the Tigers, served the No. 3 role very well for the Mets last year. Although his won-loss record was just under .500, he worked close to 220 innings and gave the rotation desperately needed bulk.

Claude Osteen, who's now the Phillies' pitching coach, served that purpose for the Dodgers back in the middle Sixties. Even though he was surrounded by great talent—namely Koufax and Drysdale—Claude added bulk to the diet that the Dodgers served in those days (good pitching, good defense, Maury Wills' speed, sacrifice, sacrifice fly).

What you're looking for is consistency as far as innings pitched is concerned—keeping your club in the game, keeping big innings to a minimum and leaving a game after consistently giving up three-and-a-half runs per seven innings. This is by no means a slur on the pitcher's effectiveness, but let's face it—if any team had a No. 3 guy as strong as their No. 1 guy, they'd win it every year.

The 4 and 5 men, while still supplying fiber, must perform in a more difficult situation. They must understand

the up and down nature of a role that could find them getting a quick hook, both from a game and from a rotation. Elasticity, baby, elasticity.

It is inevitably the fourth and fifth men whom the manager sends down to the bullpen to "straighten themselves out." Come on, how is a starter going to straighten himself out in the bullpen?

And it is these same pitchers who complained privately to me as a catcher that "if it was so-and-so pitching, he'd still be out there." Sure, there are injustices, but you show the manager that you have the fiber to give him consistent innings and he'll be happy to find a spot for you.

### FOUR-MAN VS. FIVE-MAN

You can't expect a pitcher who's worked 130 or 140 innings in the minor leagues to move into your third or fourth spot in the rotation and work 220 innings. Consequently, because guys today aren't working as many innings in the minor leagues as they used to, management has been inclined to go with five-man rotations. Well, that makes sense, but what makes more sense is working young pitchers much more in the minor leagues.

The thinking in baseball today is that

by resting a guy and not allowing him to throw his arm out by the time he gets to the big leagues, you're preserving his talent. The Blue Jays, for example, had 4 guys in their entire system—that's out of about 80 pitchers—who worked more than 150 innings. Compare this to the fact that there were 4 pitchers on their 10-man major league staff with over 200 innings. It just doesn't add up. Only by working more in the minor leagues can a pitcher build up the arm strength necessary to fit into a 4-man rotation. Resting does not build arm strength. Fans rest—pitchers pitch.

Johnny Sain says that the only arm injury he suffered throughout his career was through atrophy—lack of work. Now this is a guy who in 1948 pitched nine complete games in 29 days. I'm sure John, who's now the pitching coach of the Braves, is not advocating that his young pitchers get into this type of workhorse frame of mind, but the very fact that he was capable of doing that shows that this nonsense about pitchers complaining that they must have 4 days off between starts is just that—nonsense. It's just piped into a young player's brain today, it's a mental thing. And I do think there



is a correlation between the fewer innings pitched today and the increasing amount of injuries to young pitchers. It's surely not the only reason—the experimentation with new pitches has got to be anotherbut who even heard of a rotator cuff 15 years ago?

Claude Osteen feels there are problems with a pitcher's routines in a five-man staff that he never encountered when he was working in a four-man staff with the Dodgers. When a pitcher is working with three days rest, he knows what to do between starts. He throws lightly the day after his start to work out the kinks; on the second day he throws for fine-tuning; and on the third day he rests. When Claude went to four days rest later in his career he was scared about leaving his best stuff in the rehearsal hall. If you start on Monday and you fine-tune on Wednesday, will it be gone by Saturday? Or if you fine-tune on Thursday, will you be weaker for your Saturday start?

Sure, some power pitchers are stronger on four days rest, and I do remember my hand stinging from the extra pop when I was catching. But I couldn't catch in a rocking chair, either—a pitcher's location was a lot less predictable. And think about how important location is for a pitcher.

So all things considered, I prefer the four-man rotation. And if pitchers say that they tire quickly with only three days rest, I'll say, tire quickly and retire early.

# MAKING IT SPIN LIKE A TOP

Now, I don't necessarily believe that a manager has to have been a pitcher or a catcher to handle a rotation properly, but it definitely helps. Milwaukee manager George Bamberger is an ex-pitcher, and he handles pitching staffs very well. The Dodgers' Tommy Lasorda doesn't get enough credit for his handling of the Dodgers' rotation. Lasorda has the advantage, not only of having come up through the Dodgers' chain, but of having been a minor league pitcher.

The Dodgers have always believed in setting a rotation and sticking with it, and none believed this more strongly than Lasorda's predecessor, Walter Alston. A pitcher would have to show Alston that he was capable of getting out of tight situations (sometimes this would take two or three years) before he would be promoted into the Dodgers' rotation. Early in his career, Don Sutton was continuously lifted after six innings, when he had no chance either to win or lose the game.

Alston's lack of patience may have been



Koufax plus Drysdale: The best 1-2 punch ever?

a little bit extreme, and it may reflect a malady in the major leagues today-paralysis through analysis. Organizations get themselves into a bind by overanalyzing who should start against whom in each series. Rather than just saying, "Here's the ball, buddy, go get 'em,' some clubs have become tentative in handling rotations.

The Phillies had just that problem in June of 1976. Jim Lonborg was 8-0 when we headed into Pittsburgh to face the Pirates. After a day off, manager Danny Ozark and pitching coach Ray Ripplemeyer decided to go with Steve Carlton and Jim Kaat for the two games and bypass Lonborg for the sole reason that the Pirates had too many lefthanded hitters. We ended up splitting the series, and Lonborg proceeded to lose his next three starts. Now is that coincidence? I don't think so.

It proves that sometimes you can be too smart. Rather than keeping it simple and throwing your best out there regardless of the lineup, you start platooning. Well, Lonborg had to pitch against lefthanders, too, on the way to those eight straight wins.

Without a doubt the simplest way to make a rotation work is to get your primary starters out there in an order that guarantees them as much work as they can get. A lot of teams will go with three men in the first month of a season because of the weather and off-days. And I'll tell you this—if I'm Davey Johnson, I want Dwight Gooden out there as often as possible. I don't want to burn him out,

of course, but if I'm expected to contend, he's got to be my main cog.

Finally, one point that can't be overlooked in building a successful rotation is the value of a lefthander-something the Dodgers have always understood. Look at the averages: Righthanded hitters have a more difficult time with lefthanded pitchers than lefthanded hitters have with righthanded pitching. Also, a lefthander can't pick up a ball and throw it straight, and as a result he can throw it with less speed and more movement. So, if you have a lefthander and righthander of equal ability, the lefty's going to get the nod. And that's also why today there are some lefthanders around who, had they been born righthanded, wouldn't be in the major leagues.

# ROTATION OF TOMORROW

I've talked to a lot of guys in baseball in preparing this article, so I'm not just blindly attacking conventional wisdom by promoting the four-man rotation. In fact, a four-man rotation would be more of a return to the past. Where the future of rotations may lie, however, is in a theory devised by the Pirates' Chuck Tanner during the strike season in 1981.

Tanner knew that after the strike his starters wouldn't be geared to working nine innings because of the two-month layoff. So he conjured up the idea of using nine pitchers, three innings apiece, three days in a row regardless of how they did. Team A, Team B and Team C would work every three days and each team would have a No. 1 man, No. 2 man and No. 3 man who would rotate to the next position with each successive start.

Well, Chuck never threw his new rotation out there, and you can see that the problems are monumental. How do you convince your pitchers that this is the way to go, when most of their contracts have incentives for strikeouts, Cy Young and innings pitched? And how do you combat the second-guessing, when you've got your ace going only three innings in a big game? But on the favorable side of it, how can a team platoon against a staff like that? If they go left, right, left, the opposition will find themselves out of hitters by the ninth inning.

You have to be fearless and have a real confidence in yourself to try something like Tanner's plan. But with fewer innings and fewer complete games for starters today, that could be the direction in which baseball is heading. Yes, there may be a new notion creeping into baseball pitching socialism.

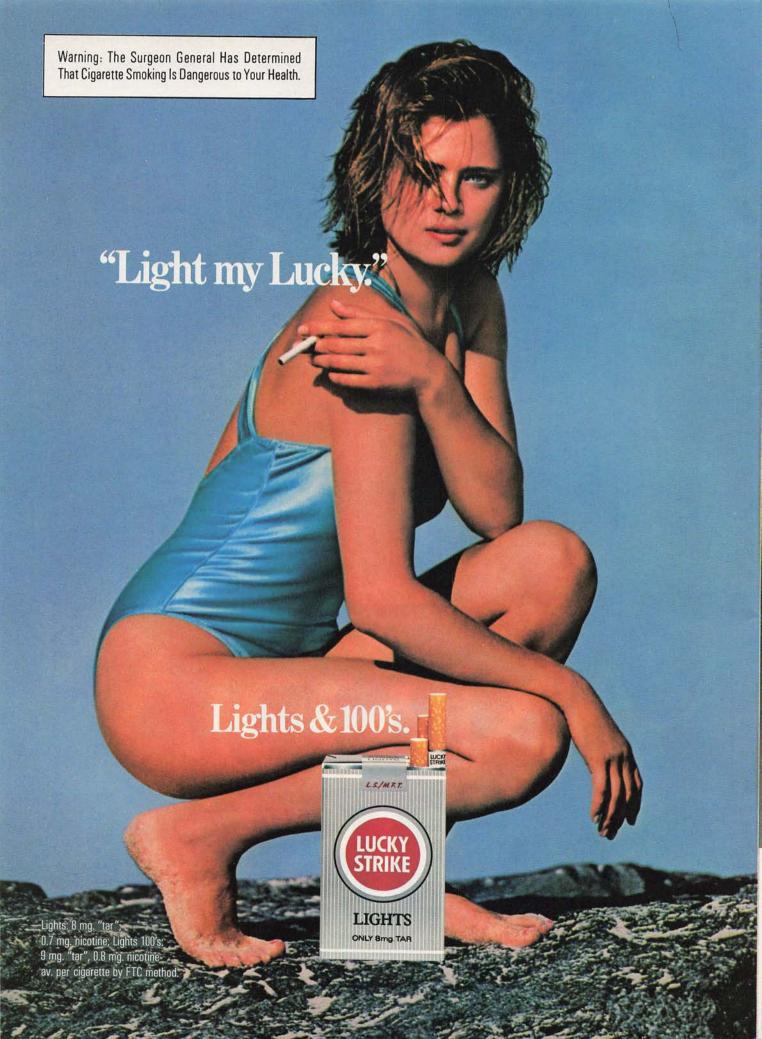


# CANADA AT ITS BEST.

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD. LOUISVILLE, KY. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF © 1984

PHOTOGRAPHED AT GARIBALDI LAKE, CANADA

LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.



# HOW I LOST 20 GAMES

by Brian Kingman

The last pitcher to reach that ugly number describes what the ultimate bad year is like. The story behind a stat.

n 1980, Billy Martin became manager of the Oakland A's and turned a laughingstock last-place team into a contender. It was an amazing transformation. It was a season that saw Rickey Henderson break Ty Cobb's American League record by stealing 100 bases, Mike Norris win 22 games, the pitching staff complete a record 94 games and the outfield of Henderson, Dwayne Murphy and Tony Armas emerge as one of baseball's best.

Nineteen-eighty was my first full season in the major leagues. It was a season that would negatively influence the rest of my career. Amid all this success I managed to lose 20 games. I am the last major league pitcher to accomplish this.

A lot goes into losing 20 games in one season; it is not easy. I was shut out five times and lost six times by only 1 run. In 211 innings my teammates scored only 86 runs for me, an average of 2.87 per game. I finished

the season 8-20, with an ERA of 3.84. By comparison, in 222 innings my teammate Steve McCatty had 159 runs scored for him, an average of 5.13 per game. McCatty finished the year 14-14, with an ERA of 3.85. Similar statistics for innings pitched and ERA, but quite a difference in wins and losses.

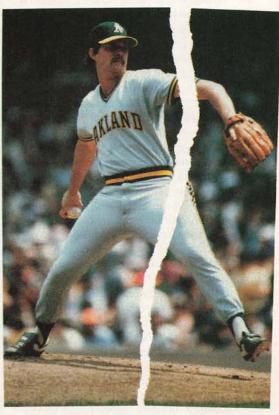
One more comparison: with an ERA of 3.84 I lost 20 games; with an ERA of 3.79 Dennis Leonard won 20 games. Leonard was 20-11, had 201 runs scored for him, an average of 5.29 per game.

I've often wondered how many more games I would have won (and how many fewer lost) if I had had 73 or 100 more runs scored for me that year. How different the entire season would have been.

Losing for Billy Martin didn't make things any easier. Billyball was essentially Billy's genius at work, manufacturing runs out of thin air and making them stand up with pitching and defense. A base hit, a stolen base, a squeeze play. Basically, intimidating your opponents by making them beat themselves.

Unseen by the fans, another aspect of Billyball was in action in the dugout and in the clubhouse. Billy, the great motivator, motivated through intimidation. Mental mistakes, sometimes even physical errors, were met quite often with outrage, a screaming maniac in your face, to insure it never happened again. If it did, you might find yourself on the bench or on the road back to the minor leagues.

The first indication of how the year was to develop came during a game against the Seattle Mariners. I gave up two late-inning home runs off pitches Billy had called for, which cost me the game, 5-4. I was furious for losing a game I should have won. Billy didn't say anything after the first



home run; after all, he had called for the pitch. But after the second home run, as soon as the inning was over, he dragged me by the arm into the clubhouse screaming. The veins in his neck were standing out and saliva was jumping from his mouth. It turns out he thought I had disobeyed him-Billy had signaled to our catcher, Mike Heath, for a curveball, which is the pitch I had wanted to throw, but somehow, Heath misinterpreted Billy's signal and gave me the fastball sign. I shook it off twice but when Heath called for the fastball again, I knew it was a pitch called by Billy. Billy imagined I had intentionally deceived him.

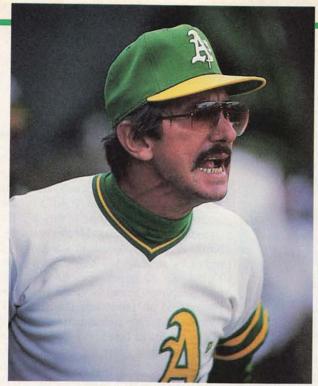
Two starts later I was leading Cleveland, 1-0, in the sixth inning—having given up only one hit. With men on second and third and Mike Hargrove at

bat, Billy came to the mound. With first base open I figured he would call for an intentional walk, but instead he said, "Throw him all fastballs head-high, maybe he'll pop one up—but don't give him anything good to hit." The first two pitches were high, for balls, the next pitch was head-high and would have been ball three, except Hargrove somehow managed to get his bat on the ball and dump it into center field for two RBIs. Billy came running to the mound, screaming obscenities at me that could be heard, I'm sure, by everyone in attendance. I was removed from the game.

After sitting out for two weeks I was determined to put all of this turmoil behind me. I had worked too hard to get to the big leagues to let a personal feud interfere with my career. But I was beginning to get the feeling that I was not one of Billy's favorite pitchers.

A few starts later, I lost, 1-0, to the Toronto Blue Jays. The only run came on a home run by Al Woods off a 2-0 fastball. Billy had made a rule that I could only throw fastballs on 2-0 counts. My record fell to 5-10.

From mid-July to mid-September, two months and 13 starts, the A's scored 25 runs for me. I finished the season 8-20. The twentieth loss was suffered in relief. I entered the game in the second inning. We were losing, 3-0. I pitched 5% scoreless innings before tiring in the eighth. I was relieved and left the game



"Billy was frustrated. There was fire in his eyes and the veins in his neck were bulging."

with two runners on base—and the score tied. They scored, and I lost No. 20.

Unfortunately, in baseball your winloss statistics define you, like a rank does in the military. The better your stats are, the better you're treated by the front office, the coaching staff, the fans, and the more you're paid. Everyone loves a winner, but start losing and everyone disappears. You're only as good as your stats. As a 20-game loser I didn't like baseball's attempt to label me as a loser. I pitched well enough to win, but due to lack of offensive support, I was a 20game loser.

It was hard losing every one of those 20 games.

felt deprived. The most difficult thing about major league baseball is getting a chance. But after 1980 I had *that* label. I was an average player and there are lots of average players. If there is a reason not to use one, the next average guy will get the chance.

I was determined to make the next season successful. When the strike came in 1981 I was seventh in the league in ERA, at 2.78, with a 3-4 record. But I was sent to the bullpen when Billy decided to go with four starters in the "second half."

During the 1982 season Billyball collapsed. The team was nothing like the A's of 1980 or '81. Those teams were aggressive and never gave up. This team sat

back, seemingly resigned to losing. And it was plagued by injuries, mainly to the pitching staff.

Billy and I had a face-to-face confrontation one night in Kansas City. Maybe it had been building over the previous two and a half years. I was walking across the lobby of the hotel and needling Bill King (our radio announcer), who was a few feet ahead of me. Billy happened to be nearby and thought I was referring to him. Billy grabbed me by the collar and said, "Are you talking to me, pal?" I said, "No, as a matter of fact I was speaking to Bill King." Billy, who had been drinking, said, "Let's step outside, pal." By this time there was fire in his eyes and the veins in his neck were bulging. He grabbed my arm. I said, "Do you want to hit me? Do it right here in the hotel lobby." We finally went outside.

I guess this allowed Billy to maintain his image as a tough guy. Outside Billy yelled and poked his finger in my chest, I yelled back and poked my finger in his chest. Finally he just walked away.

The Billy I saw that night was a frustrated man, tired of losing, tired of maintaining his tough guy image and tired of trying to be No. 1 all the time.

The season ended ironically enough with me winning the last game of the season, Billy's last game as manager of the A's. It was also the end of my career with the A's, as I was traded to the Boston Red Sox January 17, 1983.

I look back with mixed emotions on the Billyball years. I saw my career go from promising to frustrated, unfulfilled potential.

I was baseball's last 20-game loser. I am now retired from the game, but I really don't miss it. I do, however, miss the money. And I wonder how different things could have been.

Brian Kingman never played for the Red Sox. He was released and picked up by San Francisco in May 1983 and spent two seasons with the Giants' Triple-A farm team in Phoenix. Earlier this year he decided to give up his hope of returning to the major leagues. He now works for the real estate firm Coldwell Banker in Phoenix. Brian and his wife, Diane, have a son, Matthew, two, and are expecting their second child in May.

# "If you can succeed as a Ranger, you're bound to succeed in life." SP4 Eugene Rhoden, 2nd Ranger Battalion

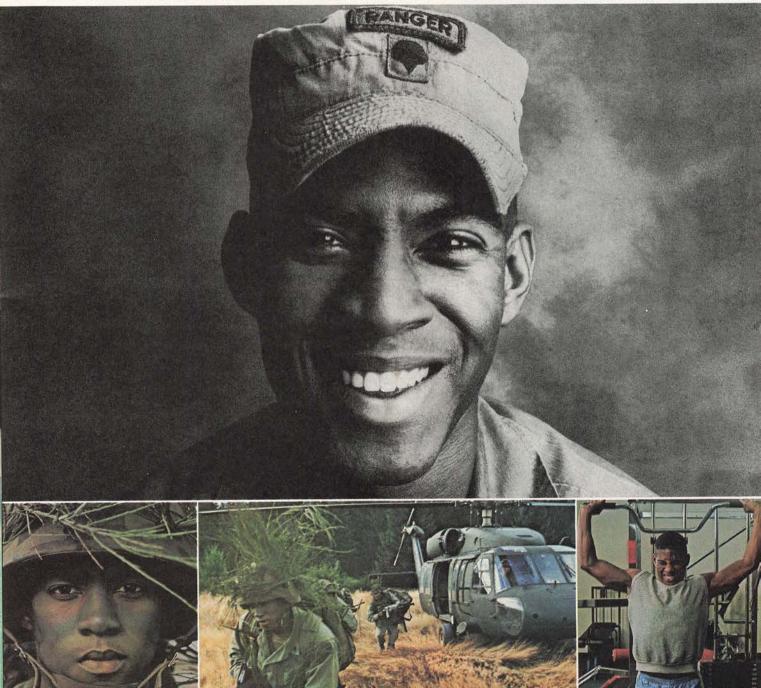
"When I was in college studying engineering, my brother was in the Rangers. I thought he was crazy. I kept asking him what kind of future he'd have, jumping out of airplanes. Now he's in college, I'm in the Rangers, and I know what kind of future both of us are going to have.

"I figure if someone instills 110% confidence in you, you can't help but succeed. And that's exactly what

the Rangers do. We train hard physically. We're expected to move faster, go further, work harder.

"But it's really more mental than physical. In the Ranger battalion, you learn to overcome your fears, which naturally strengthens you. I know, without a doubt, whatever I face, if I can put my mind to it, I can do it."

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For 22 years,
Pete Rose has played it his way.
Like him or not.
And he is not about to change in his new job.

# PETE ROSE, MANAGER

by Bob Drury

ete Rose, bat in hand, is standing behind the batting cage, talking about hitting. "You see," he says, his face like a hard winter breaking up, "I subscribe to the theory that the less you think about stuff when you're up there, the better shot you get.

"Unless I'm wrong, there's only two situations in this game where you actually got to think about what you're doing: One is a man on second with no outs. You got to hit that ball to the right side and get the man over. And the other, obviously, is the man on third with no outs or one out. You gotta hit the ball past the infield. And if the infield's pulled in, you don't got to hit the fly ball, you just got to hit the ball hard.

"You got a man on first or second with two outs, whattya gonna do? You're trying to hit the ball hard somewhere for a base hit, aren't ya? You're not thinking about where you're hitting it."

He stops, then remembers something else. "Well, I guess another would be a sacrifice. You got to bunt, you got to sacrifice across, so there are three situations."

Then, an aside to the audience that has gathered: "And that's not really a hitting situation, that's a sacrifice situation."

Rose moves on to check infield practice, his bat cradled in the crook of his right arm. It seems to accompany him everywhere. Pete Rose loves his bat like a combat soldier loves his M16. It is his lifeblood, his Excalibur. It has seen him through three teams, three batting titles, two marriages and, as the season began, 4,097 hits, 94 shy of Ty Cobb's legendary record. For 22 major league seasons, Rose swinging his bat-and talking about it-has been one of the most familiar sights in baseball. But now Rose has to give up the role he has grown so comfortable playing for one that is unfamiliar to him. He has to exchange his bat, at least in part, for a clipboard.

Rose's return to Cincinnati last Au-

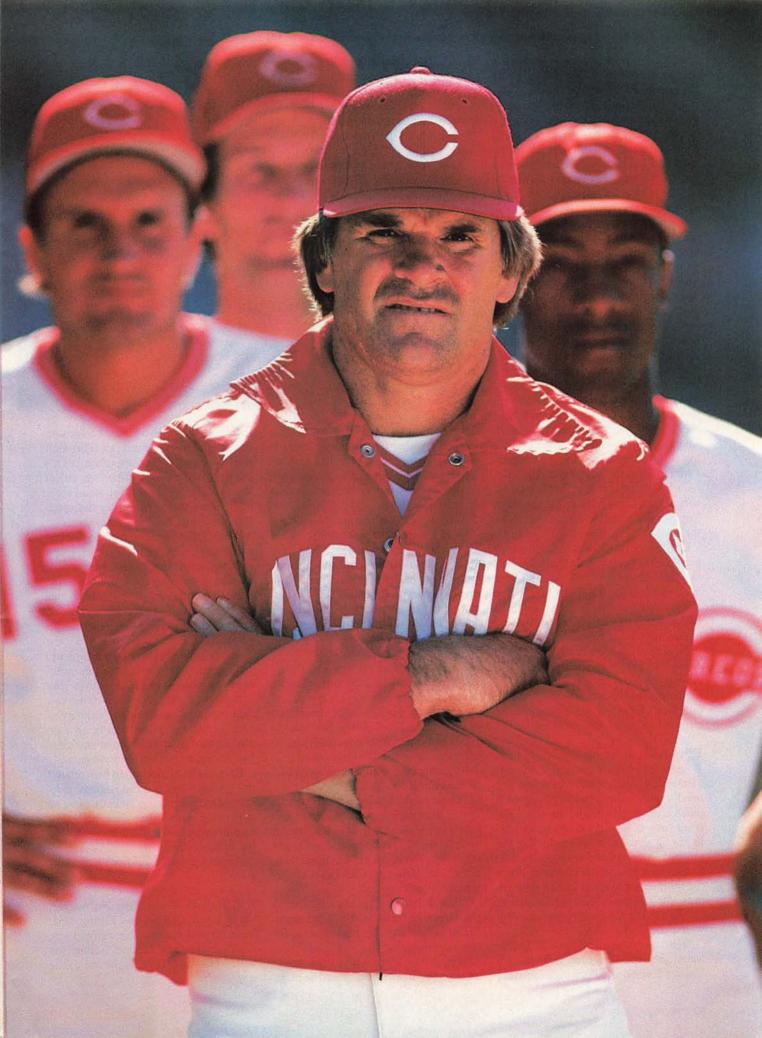
gust 16 was enough to revive a team that, after three and a half miserable seasons under Russ Nixon and Vern Rapp, played nearly .500 ball for him (19-22), including a 15-12 September. (Rose himself played in 26 of those 41 games, hitting .365 with 7 three-hit games and 3 two-hit games among his 23 starts.) But that was presence, not managing. And that was someone else's team, not one he picked out in spring training. After 22 major league seasons, Pete Rose is starting over.

"C'mon Muleface," calls Dave Parker. "Let's do some work."

With that, Parker and Rose, bat in hand, trudge to center field, where the player/manager of the Cincinnati Reds begins hitting screaming grounders to his regular rightfielder from 50 feet away.

t is 10 o'clock on the day of the first official workout of the spring, and the Tampa sun already is beginning to cook, burning the dew off the fourfield complex at Redslands. Rose, clad in layers of sweatsuits and looking more barrelish than ever, is in the middle of the pack as the team jogs out of the pillbox lockerroom for a lap around the field before calisthenics. They line up for stretches, and Rose takes his place in the back row. His efforts are not nearly as Herculean as some of the minor league prospects trying to make the squad. They are, however, gymnastic in comparison to what Tony Perez does, especially during toe touching. Cincinnati television "personalities" are whispering to their cameramen to follow each other ("Look, CPR's getting Rose's right earlobe, we better get it, too").

Rose jogs with the pitchers and catchers, figures that's enough of that, and takes his turn at the bag during the pitcher-covering-first drills. He kibitzes constantly with the players in the cage. When Wayne Krenchicki whiffs and asks the catcher if the pitcher signaled fastball, Rose responds for him: "Charlie Lea ain't gonna tell you what's comin'." Rose



jumps to the plate and warns the netless pitcher, Fred Toliver, that he hits 'em up the middle. In five minutes he doesn't hit one up the middle. Wherever he goes, a crowd appears like high tide, rising up behind him. Still, by the end of the day, the Cincinnati baseball writers are remarking that this is the most businesslike Reds camp they've ever seen.

"We don't want people standing around," says Rose. "We want good, crisp, three-hour workouts. We want to refresh their fundamentals. These guys are big-leaguers, they don't have to learn them. I always thought that spring training is too long. Baseball has changed. Spring training is a business and these guys all come in in top shape. But I don't want spring training to get boring. It's never been hard for me, but it's hard for a lot of guys to practice and have fun.

"I won't tell these guys anything I haven't experienced. I told the players in this morning's meeting that communication is a two-way street. I don't think they'll go through any phase of baseball I haven't gone through. I won't be kicking anyone out of bars. Drug problems? I won't run to the authorities; I'll try to help. Say a guy's having trouble with his wife. I been through that. I'll say, 'Hey, just give her a million and tell her to hit the road."

One morning, while awaiting his turn in the batting cages, Rose glances toward the right-centerfield wall in Al Lopez Field and does a mock double take. There is an advertisement on the wall, just under the 370-foot mark, for a local topless joint called Hooters. The two O's in Hooters are proportionately positioned across the chest of an appropriately buxom blonde. Rose grabs his heart. "Jeez, for a minute I thought that was my wife out there." Laughing at his own joke, he returns to the business at hand.

or Rose, so far, managing has been easy, as thought-free as...well, hitting. "I mean, it's rather obvious when you need a pinch-hitter with power or a pinch-hitter to get a single," he says. "You don't have to be a genius to know who to put up at the plate down three in the ninth. You don't have to be a genius to know when you need a strikeout out of the bullpen, or to know by the sixth inning who's gonna be your pinch-hitter in the ninth. It's all a matter of knowing your personnel.

"Hitting problems? That's Billy De-Mars' job. Fielding problems? That's Tommy Helms' job. Pitching problems?

That's [Jim] Kitty Kaat's iob. Sure, I'll help out if I spot something. But I learned a long time ago you have to listen to just one guy. That's what I got coaches for."

Rose spies three young pitchers relaxing in the clubhouse. He makes a crack, and the three scurry out to the stationary bikes. The Reds are excited, rutting like crazed weasels for Pete.

As he accompanies the full squad, sans pitchers, for their first and only baserunning meeting on the diamond, he is careful to let coaches George Scherger and Billy DeMars lead the pack. Ten minutes at first base, working on pickoff moves, how to read them.

Fifteen minutes at second, discussing lead-off lengths. Ten minutes at third, on making the turn tight. Scherger, DeMars and Rose all speak, but the players seem to shuffle into a tighter circle when Rose imparts his pearls.

Wade Rowdon, a terminally handsome 24-year-old infielder, is one of the prospects who is hustling for Pete. "You don't want to lead off with these," he says, pointing to his leaning shoulders. "You want to lead with the hands." He motions to the trunk of his body. "This will follow." Rowdon smiles proudly. He says he learned it from Pete.

There's a Dodger on first and Candy Maldonado rips a fly to deep rightcenter. Reds centerfielder Duane Walker runs it down near the wall, almost 400 feet from the plate. But in his haste to hold the runner, he overthrows two cutoff men. After the Dodgers are retired, Rose gently grabs Walker and walks him to the end of the bench.

"Great catch, heads-up play," he tells him. "But you got to got to understand that if you make that throw off a base hit with Willie McGee on second, we're one run down. But if you hit the cut-off man, I don't care if they got Carl Lewis on second, he doesn't score."

"Pete doesn't go for the full-fledged team meeting," says GM Bill Bergesch. "He'd rather take the players aside for mini-meetings."

"I played on teams where if you made an error that lost a game, there'd be meet-



ings," says Rose. "No food, no television in the lounge, just meetings. This ain't prison. You got to have discipline, but it's not the Marine Corps. When you do got to have them, first of all you stand there and tell everybody what they did good. You don't just have bad meetings.

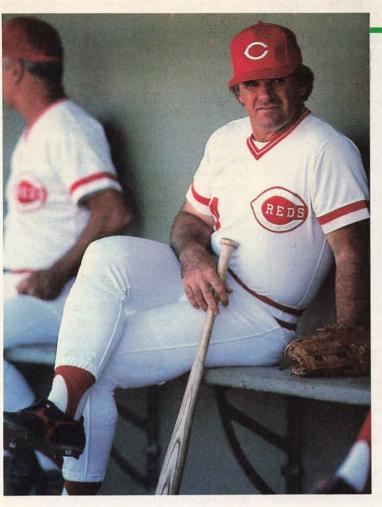
"Hell, I told them this morning we had a man on third yesterday, two outs, tough righthander pitchin', Skeeter Barnes tried to bunt for a base hit. Fouled it back. Third baseman playing in left field, take the damn run. It's a hit. It's a run. It's an RBI. I say good idea. Take today's game. Nice bunt, Tim Reynolds. I'll tell 'em tomorrow. Set the whole inning up.

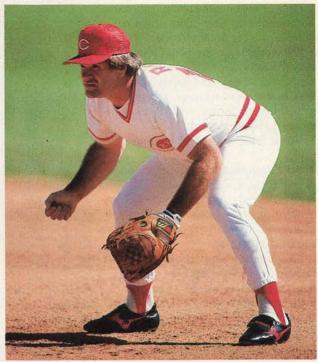
"You know, we had a little communication problem yesterday, got a guy thrown out at third by 30 feet. Once you stop at second you can't go. You have to pick the ball up. I'll tell 'em in my own way. I'm not yelling at them or anything. Just trying to get 'em to understand.'

Rose had been picking up balls around the batting cage, and the younger players had started picking up balls. Now he is running out to shag flies in the hot summer sun, and the others are following him out there.

Bergesch grins. "He doesn't have to say a word."

hen Rose was hired last August, Cesar Cedeno was hitting .251. Rose handed Cedeno the leftfield job, and he responded with a tear, hitting .309 with 4 HRs and 21 RBIs the rest of the





Rose wears many hats. But can anybody wear them all well?

"Rapp gave me the runaround," says Cedeno, waiting his turn for BP. The locks flow from Cedeno in a Prince-ly fashion these days. They almost disguise the hard years in Houston. "He told me I'd play every day, but I played well and only played once or twice a week. He's not a major league manager. Rapp and Nixon messed with my head, so I spoke my piece.

"Pete's a player's manager. He's been around 20 years. You learn to know the score. I've actually caught myself watching Pete hustle and saying to myself, 'If he can do it, why can't I do it?' He's changed the whole attitude of this club. As far as being loose, as far as making it fun, I'd put him right up there with Leo Durocher.

"The Reds may need Pete more as a player than as a manager. But if he doesn't play, he'll still instill. Pete's very outspoken. He may say things as a joke, but you know he means it.

"Most managers generally leave the technical things to the coaches. Bill Virdon was the only guy I really knew who kept a hand in everything. Of course, any time Pete can help the younger guys through his experience—which pitchers have the good moves, which guys you can take the extra base on-he will. But all the veterans should be doing that. It's all in the way it's told to you."

nete Rose holds his thumb and index finger a millimeter apart: "We got some talent in the minor leagues that's this far away. Did you know we were the only minor league system with every team with a .500 or better record? That means those kids are learning to win. And did you know our system was second to the Mets' in personnel awards?

"I went to see our Instructional League guys play twice-November and December-because it's not fair just to scout 'em once. Maybe this guy's going bad and that guy's going good and vice versa the next time you see 'em. That's another thing. The last two years our club in the Instructional League won their championship. This year we won it by 8 games in a 49-game season. That's pretty damn good. I like talkin' about the kids."

One of those kids is Terry McGriff, a baby-faced catcher with a big-league bat who looks like the only black cherub in Bing Crosby's Going My Way choir. "Last November, I remember, he came down to see us. We were taking infield, throwing the ball to the bases, and I guess I was just tapping my glove like I was nervous. And he said, 'Now just relax.' And I did. I don't know why."

Rose doesn't either. "The Instructional League," says Rose. "Yeah, well, that's where I saw Scott Terry, and that's where I saw...[long pause]...who the hell else did I see? [another pause] Well, we didn't have many guys in the Instructional League who are here on the roster."

ick Esasky is a good-looking kid with a smile so wry it's hard to believe it belongs to a baseball player.

"Well, the way I understood it was that I was the first baseman," says Esasky. "That's what I was told. That's what Pete told the press."

But Rose has a history of steamrolling obstacles. Ray Fosse in the 1970 All-Star Game. Bud Harrelson in the 1973 playoffs. "I was at Shea that day," Brooklynborn reliever John Franco had said earlier. "Everybody hated Pete then."

Not now. Esasky: "Pete says to me, 'You know, for this first home series, they're coming out to see me, so I think I'll play.' I say, 'Pete, that's all right with me.' And after his first at-bat results in an RBI single and he goes to third-head first [another smile]-on the error and then goes 8-15 with five RBIs on the series, well, third base started looking better and better.

"A thinking man has to start to wonder how many at-bats he's gonna get playing behind that first baseman."

Esasky, who came up as a third baseman and has been joined at the hip all spring with DeMars in the batting cage

"trying to work out the hitch," expresses no bitterness at what some might conceive as the big double cross.

"Never even thought about it," says Esasky. "That's all part of it with Pete. In fact, I was relieved and happy when he took over as new manager. He imparts something. As for me, well, Pete's gonna need to play to get it."

We all know what it is, of course.

ete Rose holds an impromptu press conference:

PETE, SOME PEOPLE SAY SINCE YOU'VE PLAYED MORE GAMES THAN COBB, IT'S UNFAIR TO COMPARE HIS RECORD TO YOURS.

Rose bristles a bit. "Hey, he played 24 years, didn't he? Evidently he must have taken too many games off. Consistency is the name of the game. I might be first soon in hits, but I'm also first on the list of making outs. Look at Mantle, fifteenhunnerd and something strikeouts. That means he was there every day."

BUT PETE, A LOT OF FANS GOT ON ROGER MARIS FOR BREAKING BABE RUTH'S RECORD.

"I thought that was different in my case. I thought people liked to see me break the record 'cause I play like the oldtime ballplayer. I thought everybody hated Ty Cobb. I keep reading where nobody came to his funeral.

"You know the three stats I'm most proud of that aren't in the press guide? I got the highest average of games played per season, the highest average of hits per season and the highest average of 600 atbats per season. Did you know I played in more winning games than Joe DiMaggio played in games? Consistency."

PETE, YOU'RE 44 THIS SEASON. ARE YOU WORRIED YOU WON'T KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME TO GIVE UP THE GHOST?

"I'll know when I'm hurting this team. I'm sure there's a lot of people who think I should be out of the lineup if I hit .310. I can't worry about some writer in Timbuktu saying I'm only playing to break Tv Cobb's record."

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE YOUNG PLAYERS ON THE CLUB, PETE?

"Youth is funny. You get a 20-year-old pitcher who pitches like a 20-year-old, then that's no good. But a lot of these 20-year-olds pitch like 25-, 26-year-olds. Same with a guy 44 years old. If he plays like that, well...but if he plays like he's 34, there you have it."

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR FROM THIS TEAM, PETE?

"Listen. I've played for all different

"I thought everybody hated Ty Cobb," Rose says to a relentless reporter. "I keep reading where nobody went

to his funeral."



kinds of managers. Flamboyant ones, laid-back ones. Talkative. Quiet. I guess you can type me as an aggressive manager, a gambling manager, 'cause that's the way I play. I don't expect guys to be running to first after ball four. I don't expect them to get 4,000 hits, only one other guy's done that. But I do expect 110 percent. Lots of guys done that."

Rose then spreads his hands perhaps a foot apart. "I'm interested in the guys who have this much ability [now spreading his hands two feet apartl, this much heart and [his hands are now spread as wide as possible] this much enthusiasm. Not [hands gradually closing] this much ability, this much heart and this much enthusiasm."

Standing off to one side, catcher Brad Gulden reiterates. "I play hard all the time, but not everybody does. Now, those people will have to go out and bust their hump for Pete. He does wonders for everybody. You just watch him walk into the cage and bang out five line drives and you know you can do it, too."

Nice thought. Brad Gulden is a .206 lifetime hitter.

PETE, I'M HERE TO DO A STORY ON ATHLETES' DIETS, HAVE YOU CHANGED YOURS

"Diets are funny. I don't eat as much red meat as I used to. But they didn't have diets and computers when Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb played, and the man hit .367 lifetime."

PETE, YOU NEVER SEEM TO GET TIRED OF TALKING BASEBALL. IS THERE A LITTLE SPARKY ANDERSON IN PETE ROSE?

"Somewhat. But I can hit better than him."

PETE, HOW DO YOU SEE THIRD BASE? "I don't see it as much as I used to. I'd like to see it about 100 times this year. I'd like to step right on it."

With his Tampa tan and Reds polo shirt, Bob Howsam looks like the Great Pumpkin. The Reds' president says he initially approached Rose strictly about managing when he traded Tom Lawless to Montreal for The Legend last summer.

"I felt that was the way to go," says Howsam. "You have to want that aspect of the job strong enough that you're willing to do just that. Not play. Just manage. Pete convinced me that he was sincere."

Yet in early September, Howsam called Rose into his office and asked him why he wasn't playing more at first base.

"I was only hitting about .360 at the time," says Rose. "Plus, don't you think I know the Reds' attendance dropped 1.4 million, from 2.6 to 1.2?"

Howsam knows it, too. He supports the bigger role for the Reds' coaches so Pete will be able to take his swings, and still, ultimately, call the shots. "Any good manager has to surround himself with good people," Howsam says, reminding himself of another manager with a unique talent for that and a talent for just being unique. Leo Durocher? Sparky Anderson? "I think I've got another Casey Stengel."

With the season upon him, Rose is handed a copy of last year's National League West standings. A small smile appears.

"This ain't the American League East. Funnier things have happened than us winning the division in '85. The Padres lost two pitchers. Okay, they got Hoyt, but he's in the National League now. Okay, Atlanta has Sutter. But how long will Washington play? The Dodgers, they may need a first baseman. Houston always looks good on paper. The Giants are rebuilding. If I were standing here last year at this time and I told you that Jimmy Frey and Davey Johnson would be battling for a division title, would you have believed me? We got a young pitching staff. I remember the Cardinals winning the Series three years ago with two rookies in the rotation..."

Pete Rose picks up his bat and begins walking toward center field with Dave Parker. They are going to shag grounders. His head turns and he peers over his shoulder.

"My goal is to be the winningest manager ever," he says. "I didn't take the job to get the at-bats."





# THIS YEAR'S SCHICK® PIVOTAL PLAYER IS STILL UP IN THE AIR.

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So, as we all wait to see the outcome of this season's Schick Pivotal Player competition, there's one thing we know for

sure. With Schick, it's bound to be close!

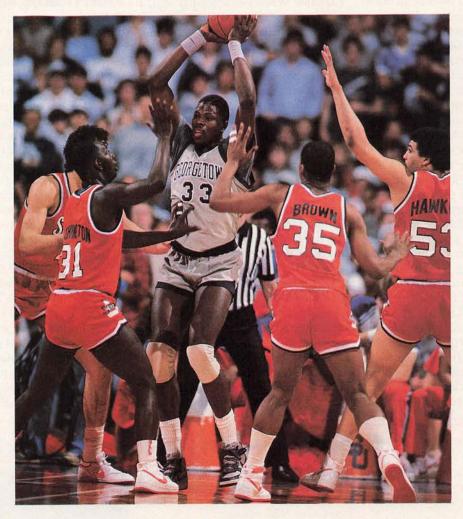
9 1985 Warner-Lambert Co.







# A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR THE NBA



ptimists they're not. In fact, NBA types can be downright negative, especially in the springtime. Their current complaint? "Patrick Ewing is the only impact player in the upcoming draft."

But why must impact mean the complete turnaround of a franchise? Define it instead as an immediate and significant contribution to a team, and June 18 looks like a bonanza.

For those GMs who would rather get a good big man than a good smaller player anytime, their time is now. Though this year's point guard supply looks a little thin and watered down, an unprecedented

There's more to this draft than Patrick Ewing. It's the deepest—and tallest—in years.

# by Tom Kertes

number of centers and power forwards rate as high-octane choices.

Size aside, more players than ever will be taken early because they come to work every day. "The league is beginning to look at more than just talent," says Warriors GM Al Attles. "There is a new

realization that the psychological and personality factors are equally important."

Remember, the two-team coin flip is out, and the seven-team losers' lottery is in. The exact order of selection and the complete list of undergraduates applying for early eligibility was unknown at press time; this is how the first round would go if we were doing the choosing, starting with our. Magnificent Seven.

### 1 PATRICK EWING, 7-FOOT CENTER, GEORGETOWN

The comparisons to Bill Russell are apt. "He defines intimidation. Teams simply won't dare go into

the paint against him," gushes Pacers GM Tom Newell.

But what about the O? "Playing against NBA centers on the pre-Olympic tour was the best thing that could have happened to Ewing," says Newell. "He got motivated to develop a wider range of shots-I love his little jump-hook-and now I think he could become an offensive force within a couple of years."

# 2 WAYMAN TISDALE, 6-9

# POWER FORWARD, OKLAHOMA

"He's a sure-fire offensive superstar [projected junior eligible] who can play center, power forward or even quick forward in the pros," says Manhattan coach Gordon Chiesa. "He's got the great post-up game and the great face-up game. He's got it all."

"And this kid flat out has fun," says Al Attles. "He's right up there with Magic Johnson and Isiah Thomas in the glowing department. And that sells tickets."

# 3 JON KONCAK, 7-FOOT CENTER, SMU

After a bummer of a last month (the Mustangs crashed from 17-1 to 23-10) and an equally depressing NCAA Tourney, Big Jon had some strange things to say. Like, "I didn't mind not playing down the stretch [against Loyola]. At least I couldn't get hurt." And, "If the pay was equal, I'd rather get a desk job than play in the NBA." But even these, shall we say, unique statements failed to turn off the pros. "Hey, the guy is listed at 7-foot, but we think he's even bigger," says K.C.

scout Jack McKinney. "He can be a real force in the low post."

# 4 CHRIS MULLIN, 6-6

# GUARD/FORWARD, ST. JOHN'S

The argument rages. Is Mullin the poor man's Larry Bird, the rich man's Danny Calandrillo or the middle class Bill Bradley? He's Chris Mullin, one of a kind. Too slow? When you shoot like him, a step is enough. Doesn't leap over tall buildings? Neither did Oscar Robertson, Jerry West or that other perpetual-motion swingman, John Havlicek. Can't defend? "Chris plays the passing lanes and funnels his man toward the shotblocker exceptionally well," says Fordham coach Tom Penders. "And that's NBA D."

#### 5 JOE KLEINE, 6-11 CENTER, ARKANSAS

Watch out for this Dave Cowens lookalike-he's also got the ex-Celt great's hunger for the ball. "His intensity and willingness to do whatever it takes to win is his No. 1 asset," claims Al Attles. "He may not be a genuine 6-11, but he's got that mean streak that makes the Jeff Rulands and Bill Laimbeers NBA superstars."

#### 6 XAVIER McDANIEL, 6-7

#### SMALL FORWARD, WICHITA STATE

The X-man is the first player ever to lead the nation in both scoring and rebounding. Need we say more? "The only doubt about X is whether he's really 6-7," smiles Clippers GM Carl Scheer. "He's got that Paul Silas-like hunger in the paint and he can hurt you from the outside now that he's developed his 15-foot jumper.

"And he's such an animal that his teammates hate to practice against him," adds Scheer. "You know what a compliment that is? The only other players I've heard this said about in recent years were Pat Ewing and Moses Malone."

# 7 KEITH LEE, 6-10

# POWER FORWARD, MEMPHIS STATE

Nobody questions this Bob McAdoo play-alike's talent. "He's a solid 15-year pro," says Scheer, who would love to see Lee team up with Marques Johnson on the Clippers' front line. "And as if his touch and range weren't enough, he has that Jack Sikma ability never to bring the ball below his shoulders on his shot. A 7-2 reach, the 30 pounds he put on this year-I don't see how he can miss."

"But once you get to the big time, desire and attitude spell the difference between the Marvin Barneses and the Bernard Kings," counters Tom Penders. "Keith plays big in the big games, but that's a mixed blessing. You must selfmotivate during an 82-game schedule."

#### EARLY ELIGIBLES

Of the underclassmen who may apply for early eligibility (besides Tisdale and Karl Malone), shotblocking Creighton center Benoit Benjamin, Kentucky power forward Kenny Walker and superb quick forwards Lenny Bias (Maryland), Kenny Green (Wake Forest) and Chuck Person (Auburn) rate as sure-fire first-round choices. And should Benjamin or the

# Sleeper Specials: Underrated, Overlooked or

he hours are good. The pay is incredible. Is it any wonder that players are working harder than ever to stay around in the NBA?

If you're a top draft choice, your chances are still excellent (last year, the Celtics' Michael Young was the only first-round selection not to make it). But second- and lowerrounders are now real sleepers. Their chances depend greatly on catching scouts' eyes in postseason All-Star Games, being picked by the right team and impressing the coach in training camp for that proverbial last roster spot. Here are the hopefuls that we think have the best shot.

BILL MARTIN, 6-7 SMALL FORWARD, GEORGETOWN. He may be lost in Ewing's shadow, but this powerful leaper could own the pro baselines. And that Hoya D can't hurt.

CARL WRIGHT, 6-5 GUARD, SMU. Michael Jordan run amok, Wright amazes you one minute and annoys you the next. Could have a great NBA future if he grows up.

KENNY PATTERSON, 6-2 POINT GUARD,

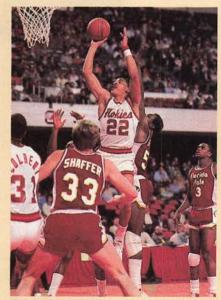
DE PAUL. The quickest, best-handling and most imaginative passer-penetrator in the draft, but has zero touch. Could find happiness as an NBA roleplayer.

CAREY SCURRY, 6-9 POWER FORWARD, LIU. Two years back he finished second to Akeem the Dream for the nation's rebounding lead, and after his sensational Portsmouth Tournament, Lakers GM Jerry West said: "This is exactly the kind of athlete we're looking for."

GERALD WILKINS, 6-6 GUARD/FORWARD, TENNESSEE-CHATTANOOGA. Dominique's little brother has the same slope-shouldered physique, same quickness and same incredible leaping ability. And that shot ... well, let's just say the Wilkins clan will have to choose between two NBA teams to root for.

BARRY STEVENS, 6-5 GUARD/FORWARD. IOWA STATE. An outstanding spot-up shooter, he works amazingly hard on both ends of the floor. But he lacks the ballhandling skills of a pro guard and needs to be drafted by a team with an outstanding quarterback.

PERRY YOUNG, 6-5 SMALL FORWARD, VIR-



Perry Young: The closer you look, the better he seems.

high-flying Bias come out, he would have to be considered for the Magnificent Seven. Assuming they all stay in school, here's how we see the rest of the first round, our Sweet Sixteen Plus One (Cleveland's supplemental pick).

# 8 KARL MALONE, 6-9 POWER FORWARD. LOUISIANA TECH

This junior eligible's low-post moves need work, but his superb touch and pinpoint passing make the 250-pound Mailman (he always delivers) an amazing perimeter anomaly.

# 9 LORENZO CHARLES, 6-7 POWER FORWARD, N.C. STATE

"He's an amazing combination of power and touch," says Al Attles. "And he's bigger than a house."

### 10 STEVE HARRIS, 6-4 SHOOTING GUARD, TULSA

Quick, creative and amazingly painteffective despite the absence of upperbody strength, the Tulsa Thin Man will fill it up for any team if he gets the time.

# 11 JOE DUMARS, 6-3

# SHOOTING GUARD, McNEESE ST.

You want smooth? "The ideal way to watch Dumars is to turn off the sound and play Johann Sebastian Bach," says classical Tom Newell. "He's the next Andrew Toney."

# 12 DETLEF SHREMPF, 6-91/2

# GUARD/FORWARD, WASHINGTON

Injury-riddled senior year didn't help, but the Teutonic Magic Johnson's qualities are too obvious to pass up. "This is ac-

# Unappreciated

GINIA TECH. One of those "the more you see him, the more you like him" players, Young showed tremendous perimeter improvement in his senior year, has exceptional quickness and a rare-in-the-pros defensive attitude.

JOHN BATTLE, 6-2 LEAD GUARD, RUTGERS. Incredible elevation and feathery touch make this anonymous Jerseyite play bigger. "And, if need be, he has the court intelligence to adjust to the point," says Marty Blake.

TONY McINTOSH, 6-2 POINT GUARD, FORD-HAM. Top point-guard sleeper in the draft. With his long arms, catlike quickness and inyour-shirt D, he plays taller than 6-2-and he really knows how to run a team.

Other underrated players to watch: Vernon Moore, 6-2 point guard, Creighton; Rolando Lamb, 6-2 point guard, VCU; Regan Truesdale, 6-4 shooting guard, The Citadel; Nick Vanos, 7-2 center, Santa Clara; Charlie Bradley, 6-6 guard/forward, South Florida; Dwayne Mc-Clain, 6-6 guard/forward, Villanova; Mike Smrek, 7-0 center, Canisius; Vince Hamilton, 6-4 shooting guard, Clemson; Brad Wright, -T.K.6-11 power forward, UCLA.

tually a compliment, but he may be too unselfish for the pros," says one scout.

# 13 GREG STOKES, 6-10

# POWER FORWARD, IOWA

Shooting, a lost art of late, is making a comeback on NBA GMs' Most Wanted Lists, so this superb perimeter scorer is bound to get a long look. "But he must hit the weights," says one scout, "or he'll get absolutely killed inside."

# 14 CHARLES OAKLEY, 6-9

#### POWER FORWARD, VIRGINIA UNION

"A surprisingly perceptive passer [he led his team in assists in this year's NABC All-Star Game in Lexington] who runs the floor like a 6-3 guard," says one scout. "He'll have no problems rising to the higher level of competition from Division II."

# 15 ADRIAN BRANCH, 6-8

#### GUARD/FORWARD, MARYLAND

"He posts up guards at will and he's a two-position player," glows Al Attles. This downtown shooter is especially coveted by the perimeter-poor Celtics.

# 16 TERRY CATLEDGE, 6-8

# POWER FORWARD, SO. ALABAMA

"He's a real consistent rebounder in traffic but he must extend his range and get more comfortable putting the ball on the floor," rates one scout. Nevertheless, the Clippers, not entirely happy with Michael Cage, the Mavs or the Iavaronipowered Spurs, should be interested.

# 17 SAM VINCENT, 6-2

#### LEAD GUARD, MICHIGAN STATE

Dallas Jay's little brother has the genes, but he's two inches off the preferred NBA shooting-guard size. "It doesn't matter," says Hawks GM Stan Kasten. "We'd love to have him in our backcourt."

# 18 MARK ACRES, 6-11

# POWER FORWARD, ORAL ROBERTS

Seen as the next Kevin McHale by some scouts, "He's the kind of player who'll either make a big splash or take a swan dive and disappear," says Tom Newell.

# 19 BILL WENNINGTON, 7-FOOT

# CENTER, ST. JOHN'S

Big Bill runs the floor better than any center this side of Akeem the Dream and has been steeled by his Big East battles with Ewing. The Mavs could do worse than this sweet-shooting hustler.

# 20 BOBBY LEE HURT, 6-9

# POWER FORWARD, ALABAMA

This aggressive overachiever owns scintillating, but raw, talent. "His defensive anticipation is exceptional for a big man, but can he adjust to NBA life while facing the basket?" worries one scout.

#### 21 TYRONE CORBIN, 6-6

# SMALL FORWARD, DE PAUL

Why are teams tagging this outstanding



Pinckney: An emphatic yes in college, a question mark in the pros.

inside-outside threat as merely a hardworking role player? He's a potential NBA star who also managed to keep his sanity while the rest of the Blue Demons were busy falling apart.

# 22 UWE BLAB, 7-2 CENTER, INDIANA

"The best hook shot in basketball-and that's including the pros," says NBA chief scout Marty Blake, who obviously hasn't seen Kareem play lately. But he'll have to work on those Roberto Duran hands.

# 23 YVON JOSEPH, 6-11 CENTER, GEORGIA TECH

The Haitian Sensation's smooth offense and soft touch rate him as a solid backup right now, and his improvement potential (at 27, he's only been playing for four years) could make him extremely attractive to the "if we only had a center" Bulls.

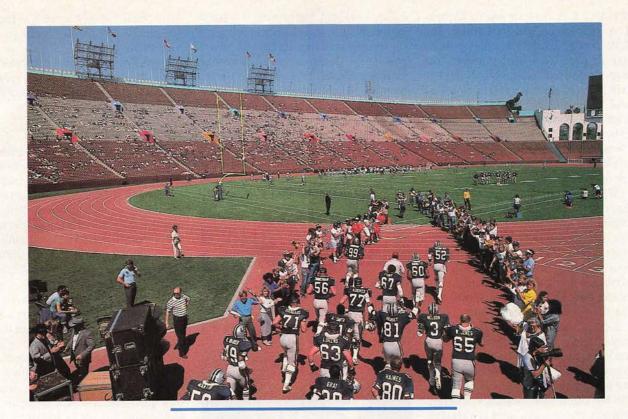
# 24 ED PINCKNEY, 6-91/2

POWER FORWARD, VILLANOVA

The Wildcats' still-hard-to-believe NCAA conquest sky-rocketed his ratings and, as a person, nobody deserves the accolades more. But does Easy Ed own the smooth handling skills, the soft outside touch or the strong inside presence to become an outstanding pro forward? Will the moves that made his living on college foul lines be rejected by the pros? Well, he surprised us once already. \*

Tom Kertes is SPORT's college basketball consultant.





# THE WORST JOB IN SPORTS

Looking for work? Need a challenge?
How would you like to try
to sell the USFL to the good people of
Los Angeles? You wouldn't.

by Joe Flower

utside: Los Angeles, Saturday sunset, in the smog, the day settles offshore in spreading gold-red bars. Outside the Coliseum the headless naked bronze athletes tower into a violet sky.

Inside: Football. Good football, men in motion, scrambling out of the pocket, passes caught airborne, interceptions. Earned humiliations. Juggernaut drives. Sacks. Big, skilled men doing well what they do best.

What else do you want from football? Cheerleaders? Got 'em. Marching bands? Fine. Beer and hot dogs? All yours. Crowds? Cheering multitudes? Boiling masses of fans?

Let's put this gently. You can't do the Wave at low tide. Slightly more than 10,000 paying customers speckle the stands. For your brother's second wedding, that would be a lot. But in one of the largest stadiums built in this country since we stole it from

the Indians, every paying customer could bag nine seats for his ticket.

Here's the problem: On the field the Los Angeles Express of the United States Football League performs exploratory surgery upon the inert San Antonio Gunslingers. In the stands the lonely 10,000 try to imitate a crowd. Next door, other fans—15,000 other fans—fill the Sports Arena for a duet featuring the Lakers and the Clippers, both of the National Basketball Association, and both of Los Angeles.

The problem, according to the taipans of the USFL, is that a critical mass of bodies packed in those Coliseum seats sits high on the list of what the league needs to survive: Cash at the ticket office will help the franchise survive, but for the league as a whole to survive, it has to demonstrate to the network sachems that the big markets love them.

Orlando loves its Renegades. Birmingham loves its

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROB BROWN SPORT/JUNE 1985 93

Stallions. L.A. does not love its Express. L.A. has not noticed its Express. But L.A. gets an Express whether it wants one or not. It's in the contract, the league's \$16-million umbilical cord to ABC: The two largest markets, New York and L.A., must maintain functioning franchises. Richard Stevens, the league's babysitter at the Express until a new owner can be secured, calls the existence of the team "critical" to the existence of the league.

Whomever the new owner might be, Express execs hope he will be local, capable of absorbing some \$10-11 million per year in overall team expenses, with pockets three years deep. He will also have to continue what Richard Stevens is doing now, which might just be the most difficult job in sports: selling the Express to Los Angeles.

L.A. is the USFL's problem in one small bundle. One big city after another has been abandoned to the NFL: Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia....It's hard to beat them on their own block. But without the big cities, there is no TV contract. Without the contract, there is no league. If you can't make it here, you can't play with the big boys.

#### BUY HIGH, SELL LOW

You want the numbers? In 1983 the Express had 19,000 season-ticket holders. Last year they had 10,000. This year it has barely topped 6,000. For one recent game they practically gave away 30,000 tickets at military bases just to fill the stands. Only 5,000 bothered to come.

So how do you make L.A. love the Express?

L.A., of course, is no round-heel for glamour, for stars, for entertainment. L.A. has a full card. Over this border the currency of fame is debased. L.A. respects a winner. It expects a contender. With the Dodgers in residence, the Lakers, the Raiders, the Trojans and Bruins, with the Rams and Angels down the road in Anaheim, Los Angeles has never worked up any tradition of lovable-loser affection. It has never had the opportunity.

Romancing L.A. would be tough enough for a front office with a winning team on the field, cash in its pants and a plan on the easel. But the team is in the cellar, some \$20 million in debt and an orphan. When it pays attention at all, the press gives equal space to the football action and the gossip-rumors that the team is folding, is playing its last game, is moving to Hawaii.

In December 1983, Bill Oldenburg, a

highly leveraged, fast-moving real estate entrepreneur from San Francisco, bought the year-old team from its original owners and signed Don Klosterman as general manager. Backed by Oldenburg's cash, promises and encouragement, Klosterman signed 31 players over an eight-week period, including 20 of the top college players in the nation. As Klosterman now says, "He wanted me to design a car to go 180 miles per hour. I told him what it would cost. He never backed off."

The signing spree ended in March. By



Richard Stevens fishes for fans: "It's just like running a restaurant."

June, Oldenburg had vanished under a cloud of federal investigations. He folded his tents and, within months, his empire had reduced itself to a welter of lawsuits and shredded contracts.

He left in his wake a team with the highest payroll in the league and no possibility of an owner. In July the league took over the operation, but for some five months court orders governing Oldenburg's collapse prevented any sale.

When the court orders lifted in October, Jay Roulier, a one-third owner of the Houston Gamblers, anted up \$4.5 million and bought the team. While the money was still in escrow he ladled out some \$3 million of league money to pay off debts and overdue signing bonuses. But there was this nagging detail. Nobody would buy his Gamblers stake, and he thought he would feel a little

weird playing against himself, so the deal was canceled by the league and he went back to Houston.

It was February of this year before the league dug into its own pocket, assumed the team's expenses and appointed Richard Stevens chairman.

#### THE SOFT SELL

At Express headquarters, the one-time La Marina Grade School in Manhattan Beach, an L.A. Express flag snaps and riffles on the pole in the courtyard where the children once stood to pledge allegiance. The cafeteria is a weight room. On the practice field a dozen gulls line up on the 15-yard line, heads sunk, an I-formation with split wings, terns and kestrels going long.

Elsewhere, the action is less intense. Perhaps somewhere else there are hurried conferences, urgent telexes, plans drawn, destroyed, drawn again, staff wizards walking fast and carrying clipboards. Not here. Here it seems like siesta time. The quiet could be quiet confidence. It could be a quiet veneer over a desperate race with doom. It could be just quiet. Business as usual. Sominex city.

In mid-March Stevens' office at the old school is nearly buried in stacks of plaques, photos and mementos, a handtooled saddle on a rack, an enormous stuffed marlin on a wall. He's clearly used to a larger office.

A rounded, compact man, his enormous task leaves him interested, it seems, intrigued by the intricacies, relaxed, not amazed or pressured or appalled. He's a businessman. This is business.

Stevens has been called a marketing genius. He has managed, among other things, the Disneyland Hotel, the Marina City Club and the Balboa Bay Club. Five years ago the company he ran leased the money-losing Queen Mary from the city of Long Beach and bought Howard Hughes' giant experimental seaplane, the Spruce Goose. Together they make an oddcouple tourist attraction that this year will net some \$7 million. His friend and lawyer for two decades, Harry Usher, named him commissioner of the modern pentathlon in last year's Olympics, for which Stevens managed to draw 10 times the usual number of spectators.

Whether he is the Express' P.T. Barnum is another question. He has no experience in pro sports. He contends that's no problem. "It's just like running a restaurant. Any labor-intensive business has the same problems-a high payroll and a concern for the quality of the product. And you sell them exactly the same way-you run one special promotion after another."

He ticks off examples in the works: American Fitness Day will feature 1,300 aerobic dancers; there's "Fan Appreciation Day," and special days for the San Fernando Valley, the Big Brothers, Senior Citizens. The Whistlestop Express, with a little help from Miller Beer, will bag a free chartered bus and a group discount for any bar that signs up enough people. Grad Night will salute high school football with a "Triple Threat" contest and, of course, a ticket sales contest. Every game will feature four high school cheerleader squads competing for \$500 prizes for songleading and, of course, for ticket sales.

No media blitz? No media blitz. That's the expensive way, the way the league will not pay for. "Marketing this team to L.A. is a tough job," he says. "I don't claim to have the answer in focus."

The ultimate success of the team and the league, he feels, depends on Usher's \$1.32-billion antitrust suit against the NFL. "Harry's a hell of a lawyer," he says. But many another lawyer finds the possibility doubtful to preposterous.

In fact, whether the Express is riding to its doom or glory depends in large part on levers that Stevens cannot move. If he succeeds, the heavens will ring; if he fails, no one will blame him. It's not his baby, not his money.

# BARGAINS, BARGAINS

By halftime on this particular night the score stands 17-zip for the Express. But the bookies, who major in history (the Express has blown comfortable leads and died every game up to now), will still take a straight-up bet.

Halftime brings out the El Toro Marine Base marching band, three high school Tall Flag and Rifle Teams promoting industrial-strength twirling, plus the world's largest American flag. (The announcer tells the people to stand up and cheer for Old Glory. They do.) There's Pom-Pom Mom (a chunky senior female with her own white uniform and a snappy new pair of Adidas), plus a half-dozen high school cheerleader teams, plus the Goodyear blimp, plus-are you still with me?-plus a slam-bang fireworks show over the peristyle. David Wolper it's not, but not bad for a show made up almost entirely of elements (like the military bands) that you don't have to pay for.

It's an even better show considering that the front office is still recovering

# L.A. May Not Like Them, but the NFL Does

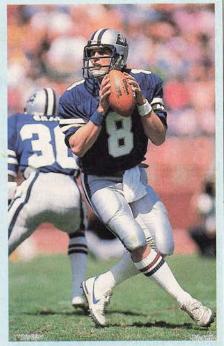
The front office may be in turmoil, and the team may be bringing up the rear of the USFL, but there is talent on the L.A. Express. So much talent, in fact, that when the NFL held its supplemental draft of players who had signed with other leagues last year, 11 of the 28 first-round selections, and 20 of the 84 players taken in the entire three-round draft, were members of the Express. By comparison, the Philadelphia Stars were second with but 7 players chosen. Should the Express meet an untimely end, these players could represent a windfall of talent for the USFL or, beyond that, the NFL.

The most prominent of the Express players chosen, though not necessarily the best prospect for the NFL, is quarterback Steve Young. "He has great promise, but it's difficult to fully assess him since the Express' offensive line hasn't been doing much blocking," says John McKay, ex-coach and now president of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, who made Young the first pick in the supplemental draft. "He seems to be a smart and creative player who is extremely mobile. Some critics say his passing isn't tremendously accurate. I'd like to see Steve Young playing with a team that gave him adequate protection."

Another mystery man on the Express is Young's old BYU battery mate, tight end Gordon Hudson. Hudson underwent knee surgery late in his senior year, and he didn't play at all as a rookie with the Express. He is playing this year, and Seattle gambled on him. "If his knee is all right and he becomes available, the Seahawks have another big weapon," says a rival GM.

The Washington Redskins drafted for need when they made Express placekicker Tony Zendejas their first-round pick. "Mark Moseley is one of the best kickers in the NFL," says Redskins GM Bobby Beathard, "but he's been around a long time, and one of these days we're going to have to think of a replacement for him. I thought Zendejas was the best kicker available when he was in college, and from what he has done in the USFL I still feel that way about him."

Yet another Express player the scouts feel could step in and help an NFL team is Dwight Drane, a free safety who was Buf-



Steve Young got the bucks; will the Bucs get him?

falo's No. 1 pick. The others drafted in the first round are offensive tackle Mark Adickes by Kansas City; center Mike Ruether by St. Louis; wide receiver Duane Gunn by Pittsburgh; cornerback Allanda Smith by Minnesota; running back Kevin Mack by Cleveland; and defensive end Lee Williams by San Diego. (Mack and Williams then signed with their respective teams and will be playing in the NFL this fall.)

But the best prospect among the Express, according to the consensus opinion of NFL scouts, is offensive lineman Gary Zimmerman. "They're playing him at tackle, and I think he's doing as well as any tackle in that league," says Giants GM George Young of his first-round choice, "although we think of him primarily as an inside guy, probably a guard. But he also plays center. That's one of the things that attracted us to him, his versatility. That and his all-around ability."

-Larry Felser

from its latest self-inflicted face-kicking, the Great Cheerleader Massacre. When Stevens and his marketing consultants watched their first game, they turned thumbs-down on, among other things, the cheerleading squad. Stevens canned the whole squad and its leader for hyperecdysiastic tendencies (too much skin), anemic terpsichorean skills (lousy dancing) and no gridiron smarts (cheering when the Express fumbled). He thought it would be better to start from scratch.

The girls' den mother called the press to report the Massacre, claiming it was just a way to cut expenses-\$39 per week per cheerleader. The press reported it that way. The Los Angeles Times ran it in triple-deck heads that said, "Stand Up, Sit Down, Take A Hike." The whole thing made Stevens and the Express seem desperate, on the ropes, dopey. When Stevens announced tryouts for a replacement squad, the press said he had bowed to public pressure.

There are days when you shoulda stood in bed.

#### THE HARD SELL

Chuck DeKeado knows all this better than he would like to. He's director of marketing for the Express. He's never really done any marketing before, but he contends that's no problem: "You have to know the sport."

That he does. He has scouted for the Cowboys and the now-dormant Blitz, and has worked at one time or another with George Allen, Frank Kush and John McKay.

The only windows in his office are right up near the ceiling, too high and narrow to quite deal with DeKeado's pipe smoke. His desk is piled with scarves someone wants him to buy as a promotion gimmick. His spiel sounds like "My Six Months on a Raft."

He calls Paul Sandrock, the team's controller, a "Houdini." But despite Sandrock's artistry, and despite reducing the staff to four, plus one assistant, "It was six months of shake and bake. Sometimes we had no postage. We didn't even have renewal applications for season tickets until December. When we did get them I had to talk a benevolent local company into letting us run them through their postage meter. Sometimes the lights got turned off. You couldn't be sure the phones would work. By August and September I was getting phone calls at home at night from creditors demanding to know when they would be paid.

"We held a Booster Club barbecue in the fall, just to let people know that we were alive. What we didn't let them know was that many of the people that they met had been laid off months before, and that we didn't have a dime to pay for the barbecue. We fed 239 people using no money at all, just the donations of food and beverages from sponsors who were willing to help us out."

DeKeado's years in sports management in the Southland gave him one extra tool: free tickets from boys in the network, tickets to the Shubert Theater, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Universal Studios Tour. The tickets went to a creditor here, a sponsor there, a team member-\$11,000 worth in six months, just cooking up a little good will.

But how do you sell the Express to L.A.? "I don't have the answer. If you do, you're a genius."

"Many of the staff had already been laid off, and we didn't have a dime for the barbecue. We fed 239 people using no money at all."

> One possible solution reared its head at a preseason scrimmage with the Breakers. It was held at the stadium of L.A. Pierce College, a little place with 5,500 seats "over the hill" in the San Fernando Valley. The college did a little local advertising-tickets \$4, proceeds going to a scholarship fund. Sixty-four hundred people paid, cramming the stands and the hillsides nearby.

> DeKeado hung out at the hotdog stands, buttonholing fans, asking questions. Why did they come? Were they regular fans? Were they likely to come to the Coliseum? What he heard intrigued him. Seventy percent had never seen a pro football game before. People said they didn't like driving all the way "over the hill," and they were afraid of the rundown Coliseum area.

> Now DeKeado and other Express execs lie awake at night plotting moves on that 70 percent, and on the 20,000 Rams fans in the Valley who let their season tickets lapse when the Rams moved to Anaheim.

> "What about Simi Valley?" DeKeado asks. "What about Thousand Oaks, Agoura, Valencia? There are two million people north of the Santa Monica Mountains. Where do they go for entertainment, for sports?" The San Fernando Valley, it seems, would be perfect, if only it had a stadium. But the number of stadiums in the Valley that can hold more than 15,000 people equals precisely the number of people willing to build one for the Express: zero.

# NO SALE?

At his office in the next classroom building, Don Klosterman takes another look at the Forbes magazine list of the 400 richest people in the country. He knows dozens of them. Finding an owner for the team will be little easier than finding an appropriate stadium. "People want to know where we will be playing, and what time of year, and what the TV contract will look like. We have to offer them some kind of light at the end of the tunnel."

But even with an owner, the problems wouldn't change.

Klosterman has been here before. Klosterman has been everywhere before. He has played or managed in four pro football leagues—the AFL, the NFL, the CFL and the USFL. His problems are familiar ones: "People didn't give us a chance in the AFL either. The press

was as bad as this, or worse. When I managed the Houston Oilers I had to play in a high school stadium. So I know how this goes. The first two years you have novelty and momentum on your side. These are the critical years, the third and fourth. If we survive these two seasons, we'll do all right.

"But," says Klosterman, singing the chorus, "we've got to win."

In fact, the Express won its division last season and was predicted to win it again this year, until key injuries to the likes of quarterback Steve Young contributed to a 1-6 start. There is talent on the team roster, widely considered among the best in the league despite the record; the Express players in this case fit their task better than management does. But the continual drubbing of uncertainty and rumor has conspired with injuries, and the team, on the field, is going to pieces.

It is the players who ride the tiger, betting careers on this team, this league, on the savage impersonal workings of public opinion, television contracts and the attitudes of reporters.

Tonight they have won, finally, convincingly, 38-7, their first and only big win of the first half of the season. In the lockerroom they are frisky as puppies; big, naked men smoking fat cigars, giving high fives and slapping backs while the strawberry blonde with her camera crew from ESPN steps carefully over the shredded tape and the scattered towels to get her interviews.

The next morning the Times carries the story, written by an Orange County bureau reporter. The Express, he writes, "finally played a good enough whole game against a bad enough team."

The story takes up two half-columns on page 5 of the sports section, just after a full-page, in-depth report on the return of the black-footed ferret to its habitat in the mountains of Montana.

Joe Flower wrote about Super Bowl preparations in the February SPORT.

# BRILLIANT



The brilliance is not merely in our picture. But in the whole

Samsung idea: high technology without the high price.

Take this Samsung 19 inch, 105 channel, cable compatible color TV (model C9432C). You get stereo TV at no extra expense—a stereo amplifier's built right in. (How many sets do that?) Getting ready for a computer? This Samsung already is. Press a button and your screen becomes an eye-easy green computer screen.

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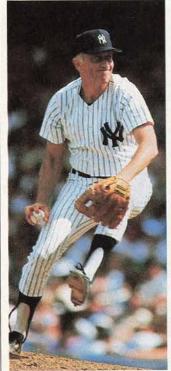




"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken."

# **SPORT QUIZ**

# 1. Which pitcher has never led the National League in strikeouts?









a. Phil Niekro

b. Fernando Valenzuela

c. Tom Seaver

d. Nolan Ryan

Dave Kingman is only the fourth player in major league history to clout three home runs in a game in both leagues. Name the other three.

At 47-0, Larry Holmes is two vic-. tories shy of Rocky Marciano's alltime heavyweight record of 49-0. Whom did Marciano defeat in his final fight?

- a. Ezzard Charles
- b. Jersey Joe Walcott
- c. Archie Moore
- d. Floyd Patterson

Ty Cobb is the all-time leader in 4. consecutive .300 seasons (23). Who is the active leader, with 9?

- a. Rod Carew
- b. George Brett
- c. Al Oliver
- d. Cecil Cooper

Match the Belmont Stakes winner with the horse that finished second.

- a. Seattle Slew 1. Foolish Pleasure
- b. Secretariat
- 2. McKenzie Bridge
- c. Bold Forbes 3. Run Dusty Run

d. Avatar

4. Twice A Prince

"When I started, it was played by 9 tough competitors on grass, in

graceful ballparks. By the time I finished, there were 10 men on each side, the game was played indoors on plastic, and I had to spend half my time watching out for a man dressed in a chicken suit who kept trying to kiss me." Who said it?

- a. Lou Piniella
- b. Bill Veeck
- c. Ron Luciano
- d. Carl Yastrzemski

If Willie Hernandez repeats as MVP • this year, he will become only the second pitcher to win the award in consecutive years. Who was the first?

Match the USFL quarterback with 8. the college he attended.

- a. Chuck Fusina 1. Alabama
- b. Bobby Hebert 2. Florida
- c. Walter Lewis 3. Penn State
- d. John Reaves 4. Louisiana State

The Houston Rockets are one of only two NBA teams since 1966 that have had the first pick in the draft in consecutive years. Name the other team, the years and the players it selected.

Hana Mandlikova's 7-6, 4-7, 6-0 defeat of Martina Navratilova last March marked the first time since 1981 that Navratilova had been shut out in a set. Who was the last opponent to blank her?

Four of the last five coaches who · have won the Jack Adams Award as NHL coach of the year were fired within two years of winning the honor. Which of the following was fired without winning the award?

- a. Pat Quinn
- b. Tom Watt
- c. Red Berenson
- d. Gerry Cheevers

The tie last season between Dale L. Murphy and Mike Schmidt for the National League home-run crown was the first time the title has been shared since 1963. Name the players who shared it then.

# The Stumper

Only one man in major league history has hit two home runs in a game in which he pitched a no-hitter. Name the pitcher, his opponent and the opposing hurlers he hit the homers off.

Answer the Stumper and win a SPORT T-shirt. In case of a tie, we'll draw three winners. The Stumper answer will appear next month; other answers are on page 31. Send postcards only (with Tshirt size) to SPORT Quiz, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, by June 7.

# **FINISH LINE**

# Yakkety-yak. Mr. Music talks back.

by Chet Fussman

n a warm, cloudless day just made for baseball, two hours before game time, Dave Lietz walks hurriedly along the top row of the press box into a dingy six-by-six cubicle, reaches blindly into a sea of cassette tapes strewn about a wooden desk and sticks one into a machine. Lou Rawls' "It's Spring Again" echoes throughout Holman Stadium, Dodgertown.

"Did you know spring started at 11:14 this morning?" asks Lietz. "But even if it hadn't, I always start with this tape. You want to establish that it's spring, that it's time for baseball."

And time for Lietz to begin his act. Lietz is a stocky, ordinary fellow, 33 years old, with straight, black hair and a pencil-thin mustache. He is conference-center supervisor at Dodgertown. It's a behind-thescenes job. He makes sure the meeting rooms are set up right, enough chairs, plenty of chalk. But for a few hours each day, starting when the big Dodgers open camp and continuing throughout the summer while the little (Class-A Vero Beach) Dodgers play, Dave Lietz is center stage. He is, as everyone calls him, Mr. Music. "I'm not a joker," he says seriously. "But something about me changes when

I'm in this booth."

s the stadium fills, Lietz sorts through a half-dozen tapes before deciding on "Forever Dodger Blue." He slips on a pair of headphones, inserts the tape into a second cassette player and cues it to play precisely after Lou Rawls finishes. "When I started doing this six years ago, I had six tapes," he says. "I have close to 200 now. I had no idea it would grow into..."

He stops in midsentence. Tommy Lasorda is walking in from right field. Mr. Music smiles as he cues another tape and waits until Lasorda walks exactly three feet past the visitors' dugout. "Hail to the Chief" fills the stadium. The crowd, mostly retirees who rarely miss a spring game, collectively rises to applaud. Lasorda, walking more like the President of the United States than the manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, acknowledges the ovation and tips his cap. Then he squats unceremoniously on the open-air bench that is

the dugout at Holman Stadium and looks up at Mr. Music.

Mr. Music isn't looking back. He's wearing his headphones again, cueing another tape. The four umpires have gathered at home plate.

"No respect, no respect," Rodney Dangerfield cries out. "No respect."

Game time. Steve Sax leads off the Dodgers' first, but Mr. Music, eyes down and smile absent, sits disconsolately with his arms folded.

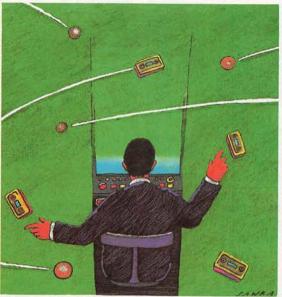


ILLUSTRATION BY JAN SAWKA

"I used to play 'Yakkety Sax' every time he came up," he says. "It always got a good response. One day, he looked up here and asked me not to do it. So I don't do it."

Mr. Music isn't as congenial to visiting players. He points to his personal favorite, the "baby cry" tape, used exclusively when opposing managers leave the dugout to dispute an umpire's call. Nor, he says, is he as congenial to minor league umps, who twice have thumbed him from games.

"The first time, the home-plate umpire was calling nothing but balls," Mr. Music says, as Ken Landreaux grounds out. "When he finally called a strike, I played Roseanne Roseannadanna saying, 'Thanks a lot!' The ump turned around and shook his finger at me. When he turned around toward the plate, I played Steve Martin's 'Excu-u-u-u-se me!'

"The other time, an umpire made a

terrible call on a play at first base and I played 'What's-A-Matta-You?'. He thumbed me, but I got the last laugh. I played Lou Costello saying, 'I'm a b-a-a-a-d boy' as I was walking out."

Mr. Music laughs again, then returns to the game. Al Oliver fouls a pitch high into the leftfield seats. Sensing opportunity, Mr. Music rises, a wry smile forming. "Catch it," he says. A fan does. Mr. Music plays the brassy, television theme from the Olympic Games.

"I went to the record store last year hop-

ing to find new ideas," Mr. Musicsays as the game progresses. "I walked out empty-handed. I think I have a tape for every baseball situation you can imagine."

He points to some of his favorites. There is Dolly Parton's "Here You Come Again," for managers who take frequent trips to the mound; Abbott and Costello's "Who's on First" routine, when multiple lineup changes are announced; and K.C. and the Sunshine Band's "Give It Up," for a struggling, opposing pitcher. Then there's "lady scream," the sound of women screaming when a foul ball is hit toward the ladies room.

t's late in the game and the Dodgers are comfortably ahead. Perfect setup for Frank Sinatra.

"And now the end is near..." Mr. Music gets his laugh. "A few fans usually come up to tell me they enjoyed it, or that I'm strange," he says. "The only rule I have is I try not to play anything that would really insult somebody."

Well, rules are made to be broken. Late last year he played Willie Nelson singing "Don't Look So Sad" after a West Palm Beach Expos pitcher was removed for allowing eight runs in the first inning. The pitcher flashed him an obscene gesture.

"Most of his stuffisn't that harsh," says Terry Reynolds, the Vero Beach Dodgers' general manager. "The only thing I ever had to veto was 'Three Blind Mice.' That was going to get him tossed again."

Down on the field, Mike Marshall fouls a pitch back toward the parking lot. A beat, then the sound of a car window smashing. Mr. Music takes off his headphones and smiles. You need a lot of truck. A truck that carries everything from tools and materials to a cab full of help. A truck that hauls everything but a heavy price.

You need a Toyota Standard Bed.
No standard small truck comes
with more power. The 24 liter engine
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This truck is built to work hard. But



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brakes, power assisted steering, and tough, dependable full boxframe construction.
All standard equipment on this truck.

If you're hoping the Standard Bed handles passengers as well as it handles cargo, you've come to the right truck. Seating in the spacious cab allows plenty of leg and headroom for three.

And if you consider yourself tough on your vehicle, consider this: Toyota owners reported the lowest incidence

# OH WHAT A FEELING!

of repairs for any small truck—imported or domestic.\*\*\*

Toyota Standard Bed. Own one and you'll be carrying everything you ever wanted. Everything except a big

monthly payment.

\*Manufacturer's suggested



\* Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Dealer's actual retail price may vary. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, optional or regionally required equipment.
\*\* Including occupants, equipment, and cargo.

\*\*\* 1984 J. D. Power Compact Pickup Truck Survey.

ment, and cargo.
\*\*\* 1984 J. D. Power Compact
Pickup Truck Survey.

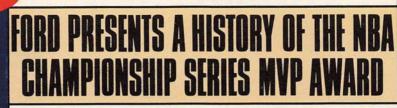
\* Calendar year 1984, Ward's Automotive Report

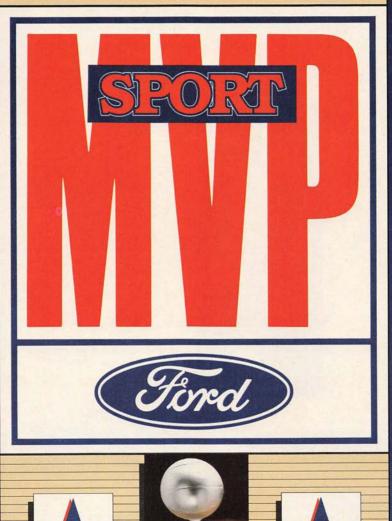
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This year the American Road will play host to a very special Thunderbird.

The FILA Thunderbird.

Inspired by the worldfamous sportswear known for quality and style, the FILA Thunderbird was created expressly for active lifestyles.

FILA colors are tastefully understated in either black, red, medium charcoal or the unique pastel charcoal with dark charcoal lower accent treatment. Accenting these stylish colors are subtle pinstripes, colorcoordinated components, fabrics, and the distinctive FILA emblem. The interior features a newly designed digital instrument panel, six-way power articulated driver's seat available in oxford grey suede-style cloth, or oxford white leather seating surfaces, Power Lock Group, illuminated entry system, tilt steering wheel, fingertip speed control, and premium sound system with an electronically tuned AM/FM stereo cassette.



To complement the international style of the FILA Thunderbird is a very athletic performance package that includes a 3.8 liter V-6 engine with electronic fuel injection. Variable-ratio power rack and pinion steering. Modified MacPherson strut front suspension with gas-filled struts. Four-bar link rear suspension with gas-filled shocks. And all-season radials on fourteen inch aluminum alloy wheels.

Match up this new FILA Thunderbird to any road you feel is competitive enough, and see who has the advantage.

#### FILA Exclusives for 1985.

This year, every new FILA Thunderbird owner will receive a unique FILA canvas Sport Bag containing a leather portfolio, beach towel, sun visor, headband, and wrist bands all imprinted with the stylish FILA logo.

Also for 1985, every new FILA Thunderbird will have the exclusive "Ford Care" extended maintenance and limited warranty program.



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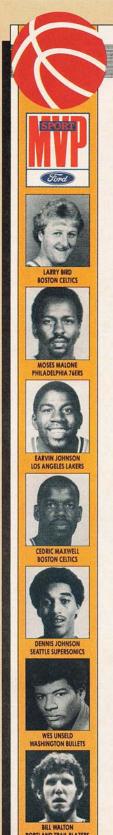
As part of Ford Motor Company's commitment to your total satisfaction, participating Ford Dealers stand behind their work, in writing, with a Lifetime Service Guarantee.

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Have you driven a Ford... lately?







PORT Magazine began its Most Valuable Player Award program in 1955, and since that time has recognized MVPs in 30 baseball World Series, 28 National Football League Championship games and Super Bowls, 16 National Basketball Association Championship Series and 14 Stanley Cup Finals. These awards are officially affiliated with each league (Major League Baseball, NFL, NBA, NHL) and the commissioner of each league presents the official award to the deserving athlete.

The actual Most Valuable Player Award voting is carried out by a select panel of sports media members from across the country. This panel includes journalists from UPI, AP, major newspapers, television, radio and SPORT Magazine.

For 1985, Ford Division is proud to be the official sponsor of this prestigious award. Each Most Valuable Player Award winner will be given a new Ford car or Ford truck. This year's NBA Championship Series MVP, the seventeenth, will receive a 1985 Thunderbird in recognition of his outstanding performance.

ho says you can't win for losing? Not Jerry West, who in 1969 became the first recipient of the NBA/SPORT Magazine Championship Series Most Valuable Player Award—and the only MVP ever selected from the losing team.

"I couldn't believe it," says Red Auerbach, whose Boston Celtics took West's Los Angeles Lakers in seven games that year. "Who ever heard of a player from the losing team being most valuable?"

"That sounds like Red," laughs West, now the Lakers GM. "It's true, though, anytime you lose, particularly at that time of the year, and still win something, it has to be quite a surprise."

In fact, in the 30 years and 88 combined awards that SPORT has sponsored in the four major sports, it's happened exactly three times: Yankees second baseman Bobby Richardson did it in 1960 and Dallas Cowboys linebacker Chuck Howley was the other winning loser (or losing winner), in Super Bowl V. In any case, most non-Celtics observers felt West earned the

honor by averaging 37.9 points (including a 53-point outburst in game one) and 7.5 assists while limping heavily from a pulled hamstring.

In 1970 it was another case of inspiration over injury (in seven), as center Willis Reed led the

Knicks to their first NBA championship despite a badly strained thigh muscle suffered in game five. "He showed so much guts, and it rubbed off on the rest of us," said teammate Dave Stallworth. "When a man who ought to be in a wheelchair

comes out there, you have to gut it out with him."

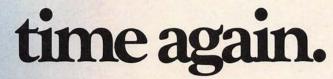
The following year, another team would notch its first NBA title: the



Time and...







In 1955, we introduced the first Thunderbird and what was to become the classic American sports car. It was also the beginning of a timeless romance.

This year, we're marking that relationship with the introduction of a classic American road car. The 1985 30th Anniversary Edition Thunderbird.

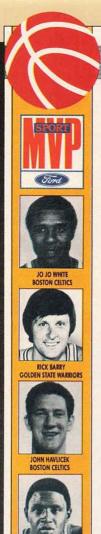
So whether you've known the Thunderbird mystique first hand or have been watching from afar all these years, it's time to experience this rare 30th Anniversary Thunderbird. And then you'll realize, it's time again.

The Flight Continues.

30th Anniversary Thunderbird

Have you driven a Ford ... lately? Ford





Milwaukee Bucks, an expansion franchise that had only been in existence for three years. Credit their upward mobility to second-year man Lew Alcindor, the 1971 MVP, who averaged 27 points and 18.5 rebounds in the finals (newly acquired Oscar

his own). "The Lakers can't win with Wilt," went the whispers, "he plays for himself, not the team." But in 1972 Wilt Chamberlain adapted his style, roaming away from the basket to guard against the

Robertson kicked

in 23.5 points of

bombs of Knicks center Jerry Lucas, and even hitting crucial free throws. After a 24-point, 29-rebound effort in the deciding fifth game, Wilt walked away with the title and the MVP, and the whispers continued as before.

When the Knicks opened up a commanding lead over the Lakers in the fifth and final game of the 1973 championship series, SPORT began polling sportswriters for their MVP choicesand the first five each named a different player. It was a total team victory, reflecting the philosophy of coach Red Holzman, who, if the rules did not specify most valuable player, probably would have won the award. As it was, Willis Reed's 16.4 scoring and the defensive job he did on Wilt (11.6) got him the nod again.

The Celtics' 1974 triumph over Milwaukee featured the tireless John Havlicek, the first of four forwards to receive MVP recognition. Does one position or another have the advantage in playoff domination? "Anybody can do it," says Auerbach, who's seen 38 final rounds go by as a coach and general manager. "It's whoever gets the hot hand. Of course, centers [seven winners] have some edge, because you're going inside, and guards [four] have their hands on the ball most

of the time. But you watch a Bird or a Bernard King when they get it going. Are you going to tell me that forwards can't take over a series?"

Case in point: Rick Barry, the MVP forward who led his team in scoring (29.5), assists (5) and steals (3) in 1975, when Golden State pulled off a stunning sweep of the Washington Bullets.

The 1976 series, between the Celtics and the upstart Phoenix Suns, will always be remembered for the pivotal-and prolonged-fifth game, a triple-overtime 128-126 Boston victory. "It was in-

credible," said 33-point scorer and eventual MVP Jo Jo White. "I was sure the game was over three times before it actually ended."

ext year's MVP choice was both obvious and mysterious at the same time. Bill Walton's impact was tremendous (he averaged 18.5 points and 19 rebounds) as his Blazers defeated the Philadelphia 76ers, 4-2. But at the awards ceremony that followed, he was most notable by his absence. "Bill is off rafting," said his friend, Jake Scott, "but he has asked me to accept this award because SPORT has always written truthfully about Bill Walton, regardless of how long his hair was."

In 1978 it was the palpable (245-pound) presence, or, as Seattle SuperSonics statesman Paul Silas put it, "the stabilizing force," of Bullets center Wes Unseld that swaved the voting, despite his lowly nine-point scoring average.

The Bullets won, 4-3, in Seattle, where the Sonics had previously established a 22-game winning streak. But the Sonics got right back, taking Washington in five the next season and, yes, clinching it in their opponents' gym. Dennis Johnson edged Jack Sikma in the MVP voting, while Gus Williams, who led Seattle in scoring







WILT CHAMBERLAIN



KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR MILWAUKEE BUCKS



LOS ANGELES LAKERS

in every game, surprisingly did not receive a single vote.

With Kareem Abdul-Jabbar lost to the Lakers in their sixth game against the Sixers, a 20-year-old rookie guard known as **Magic Johnson** stepped into the center slot, where he promptly scored 42 points, grabbed 15 rebounds and handed out 7 assists. In clinching the 1980 NBA title and MVP award, Magic also joined Bill Russell and Henry Bibby as the only players to win NCAA and NBA championships in back-to-back seasons.

ometimes," says Red Auerbach, "the other team will concentrate so much on your star, double-teaming, etc., that it allows someone less-regarded to have a super playoff." Such was the case in 1981 when the Houston Rockets and Robert Reid held Larry Bird in check for five of the six games, and **Cedric Maxwell** emerged, leading the team in scoring (17.7) and offensive rebounding, to claim the NBA/SPORT award.

"I've never been more hurt than I am now," said 33-yearold Julius Erving, after he and the 76ers were again denied a championship by the Lakers in 1982. Instead, it was Bob McAdoo, a 10-year veteran and three-time scoring champ, who finally copped his ring, at age 31. Magic Johnson,

MAGIC JOHNSON:

AND TWO MVPS

TWO TITLES

IN HIS FIRST

THREE YEARS

who won his second MVP award in three seasons, and Pat Riley's half-court trap had Erving and Co. totally frustrated. "But this team crossed a lot of hurdles to get here," said the Doc of his Sixers, "and, in time, we'll cross this one, too."

That time came soon enough, the immediate

benefit (the cost was \$14 million over six years) of the Sixers' investment in free-agent center Moses Malone.

In addition to outscoring Kareem in the 1983 finals, Mo also outre-bounded him, 72-30—27-5 off the offensive glass. The 76ers swept, and just missed making Malone's

playoff prediction of "Fo', fo' and fo'" a reality, by one Eastern Conference final loss to Milwaukee.

Last year, the history of the NBA championship series and this prestigious award came full circle. The Celtics beat the Lakers in seven games, just as they did the last time

these two teams met in the finals: 1969, the year Jerry West won the very first MVP award.

"It was a case of the miners, the hard hats, beating the MDs in their Mercedes. the Hollywood stars, by getting their hands dirty with hard work," according to Celtic Kevin McHale. To hear the Lakers tell it, more than their hands were dirty, but either way, the difference was rebounding. Boston

beat L.A. off the boards, 52-33, in the final game, which allowed them to win despite a very blue-collar (39.5) shooting percentage.

The sixteenth MVP decision was an easy one; the wondrous Larry

**Bird**, whose 72 defensive rebounds and 15 steals were both records for a seven-game series, was the unanimous choice.

Who will win the NBA/SPORT Magazine Trophy and the Thunderbird in 1985? For a fearless prediction, we went to syndicated NBA columnist and SPORT consultant Peter Vecsey.

"Boston has three previous winners [DJ, Maxwell and Bird]," he muses, "and if they're going to repeat, one of those guys will have to, too. But I like to go with the sleepers, and this year I'm picking Milwaukee. Terry Cummings will get the MVP, not just for his great play, but for the way he's fit seamlessly into Don Nelson's lifestyle."

Any chance of this year's honor going to a player from the losing team? "Come on," Vecsey laughs. "That'll never happen again. We're living in the Eighties now."



LARRY BIRD, THE WORKINGMAN'S MVP, LED THE CELTS OVER THE LAKERS IN '84. us Definitive Dexterous Direct Disciplined Distinguished Dramatic Dulcet Dynamic Ed e Efficacious Effulgent Elegant Elite Elysian Eminent Energetic Enlightened Enriching Entert Estnet EN itionary Exalted Excep onal Exhilarating Expeditious Expresive Extraor able Fas liou to it fit is to red Fulge ious fra ivi vo nal Gall + Ge Hand Hand nious Honest Idvllic Illuminative Illustrious Immaculate Impassioned Impeccable Imp sive Incisive Incredible Indefatigable Individual Indomitable Ineluctable Ingenious Inir ive Inspiring Instinctive Intense Intrepid Inviting Inventive Irresistible Jaunty Joie de vivre Knock-out Landmark Lasting Laudatory Laureate Legendary Lithesome Lively Logical e Luminous Maneuverable Manifest Mannerly Marvelous Masterly Matchless Memorable Me ious Natty Natural Nimble Noble Nonpareil Notable Oeuvre Optimum Oracular Orderly O nding Panache Paragon Passionate Peerless Performance Personal Persuasive Picturesque I g Poetic Poised Portent Practical Praiseworthy Precise Premium Prestigious Pristine Prod nt Progressive Propitious Provocative Pure Purposeful Quadrashock Qualified Quality sential Quixotic Radiant Radical Rapid Rational Reactive Recherche Redoubtable Refined Re Resplendent Responsive Revi Callent Sanguine Satisfying Scintillating ve Sensational Sensuc sus Sleek Solid Sovereign Splendid Spo estematic Tailored Ta Taut Timele Turbocharged Un erated Un mmon Unconve tated Une mating Unmist eachable ation Unprete lleled U bane Utile L ed Unus enturous Ven .c Volupti anty Visiona ntutional Wi es Wonderful ed Xenophile X ating Yardstick Yo 21 Zealou Thunderbird Have you driven a Ford... Get it together-Buckle up.



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